

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CANADIAN ROYAL
TOUR



PORTRAIT BY KARSH OF OTTAWA



'.... A dreadful scene of carnage and confusion soon presented itself; the French infantry were broken; the firing ceased; the smoke cleared away; and the glittering sabres of the Greys were seen like flashes of lightning among the dark masses of the enemy, whom they literally cut to pieces; at the same time Serjeant Charles Ewart of the regiment captured the Eagle of the French forty-fifth regiment. ...'

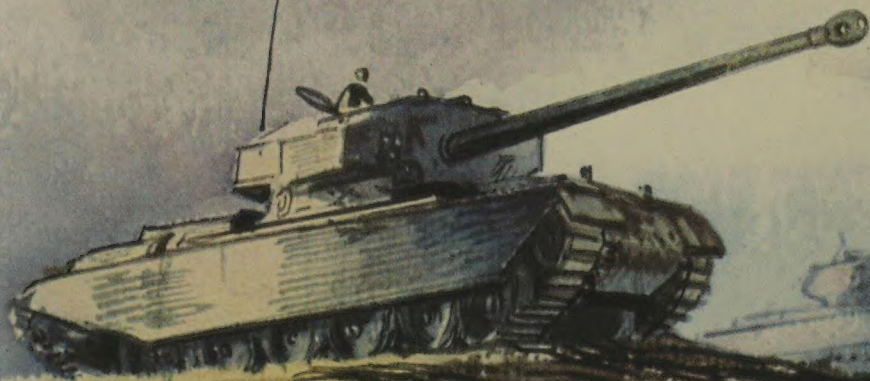
From the Historical Record of the Scots Greys published in London by Longman Orme and Co. and by William Clowes and Sons, in 1840.

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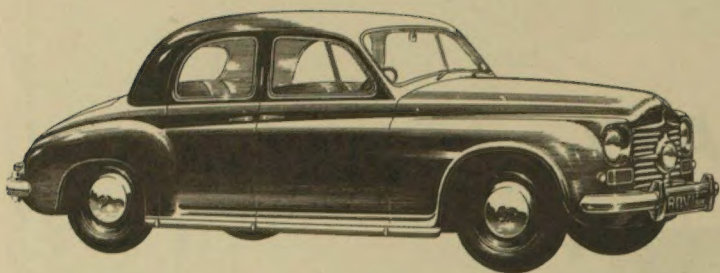
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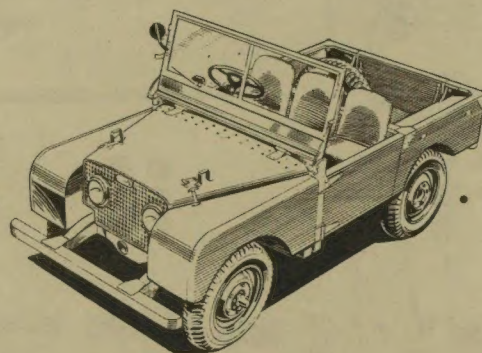


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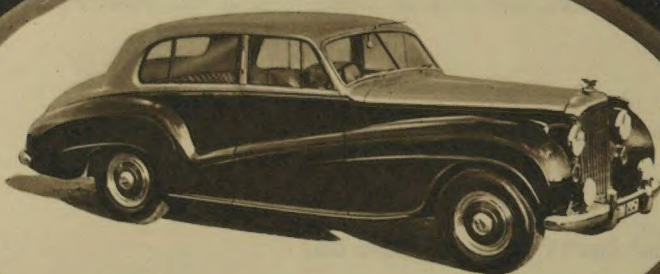
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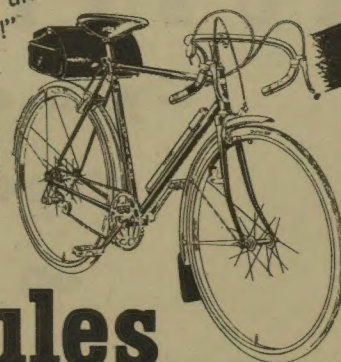
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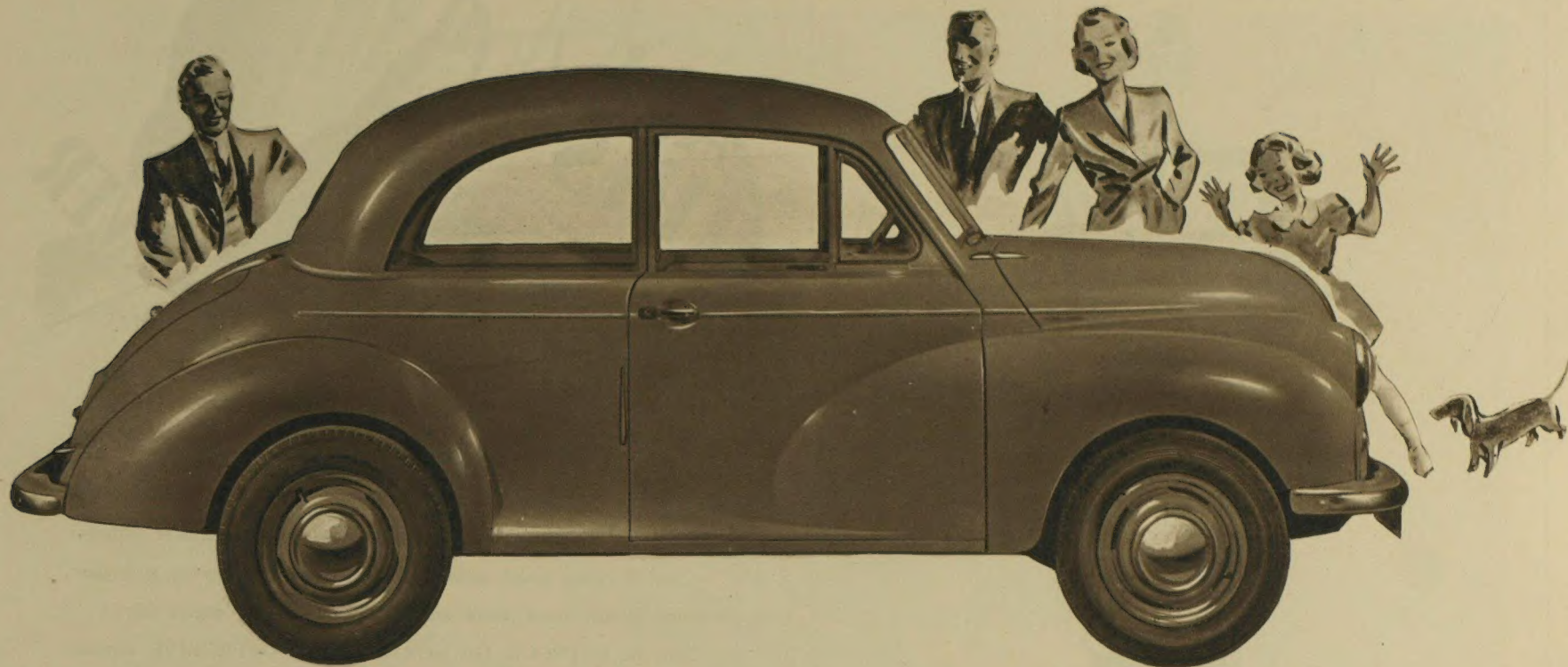
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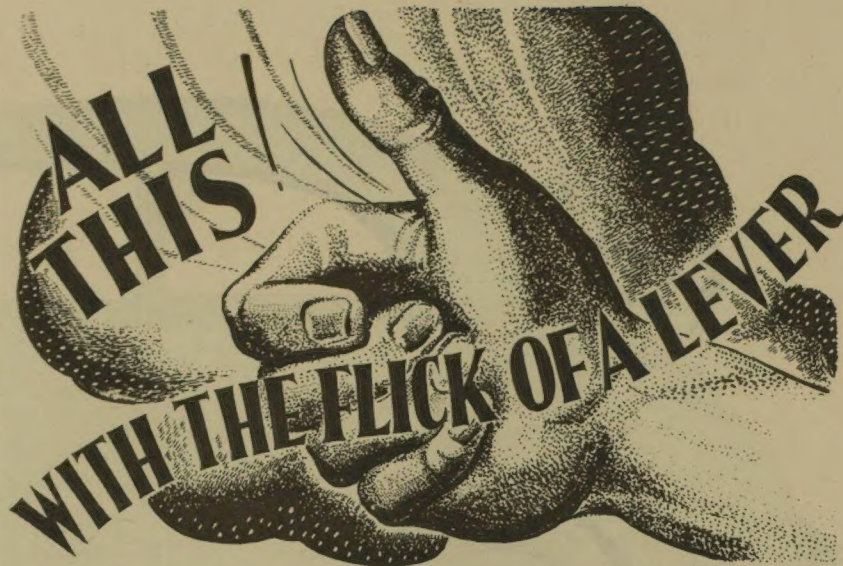


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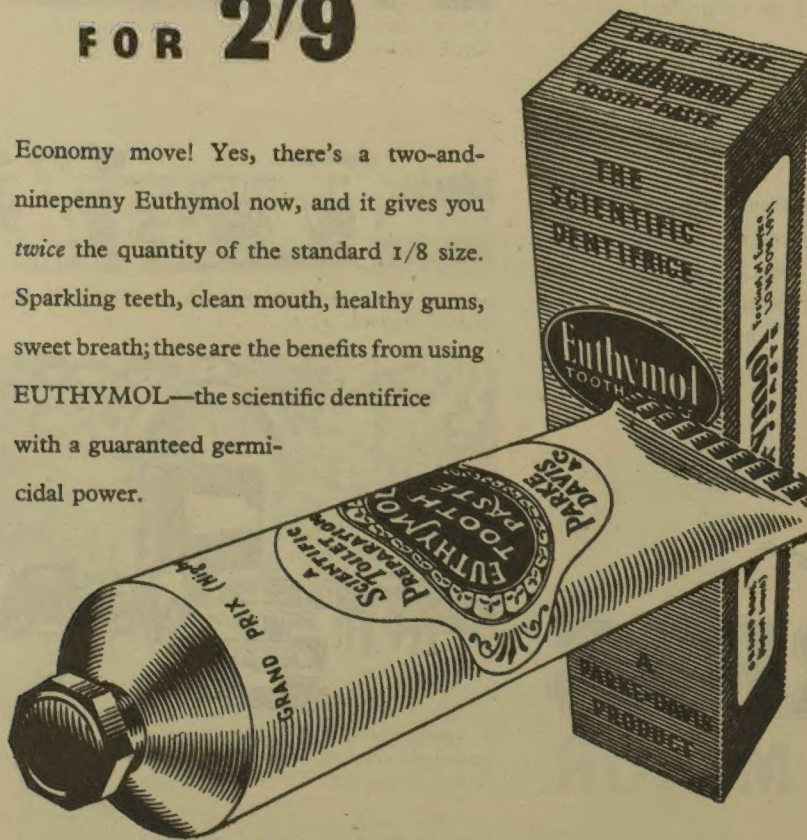
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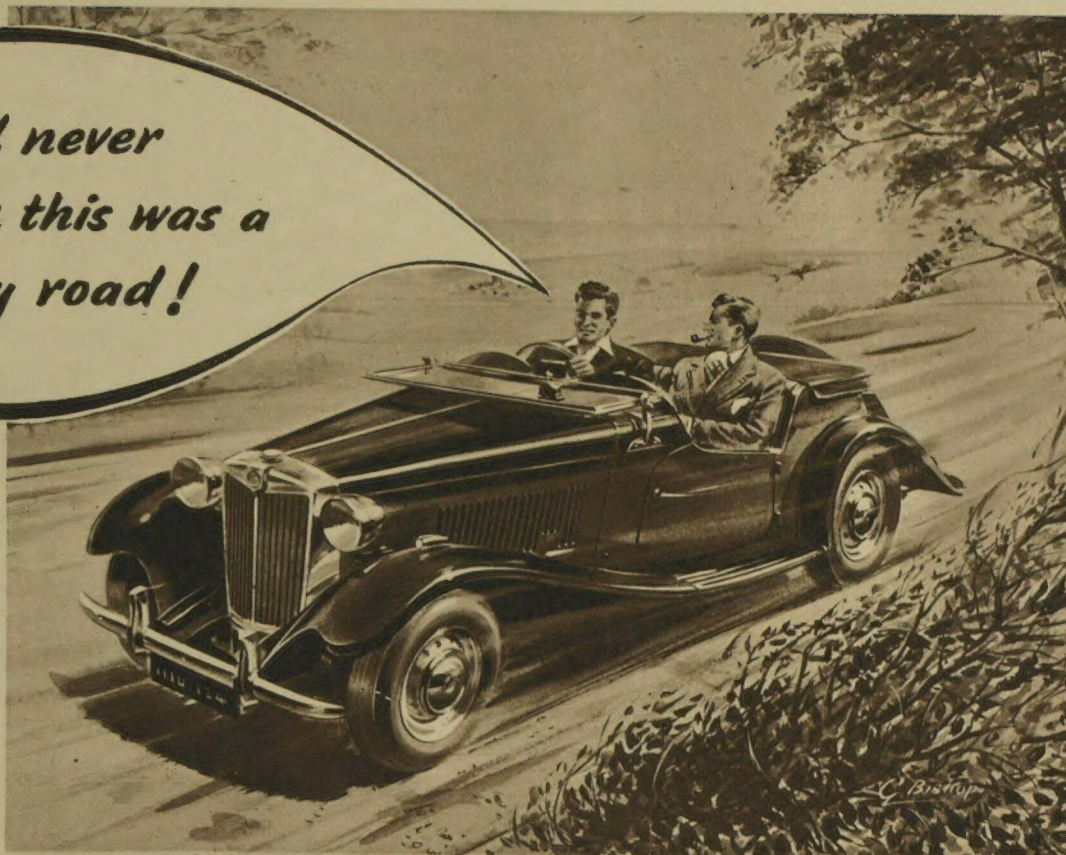
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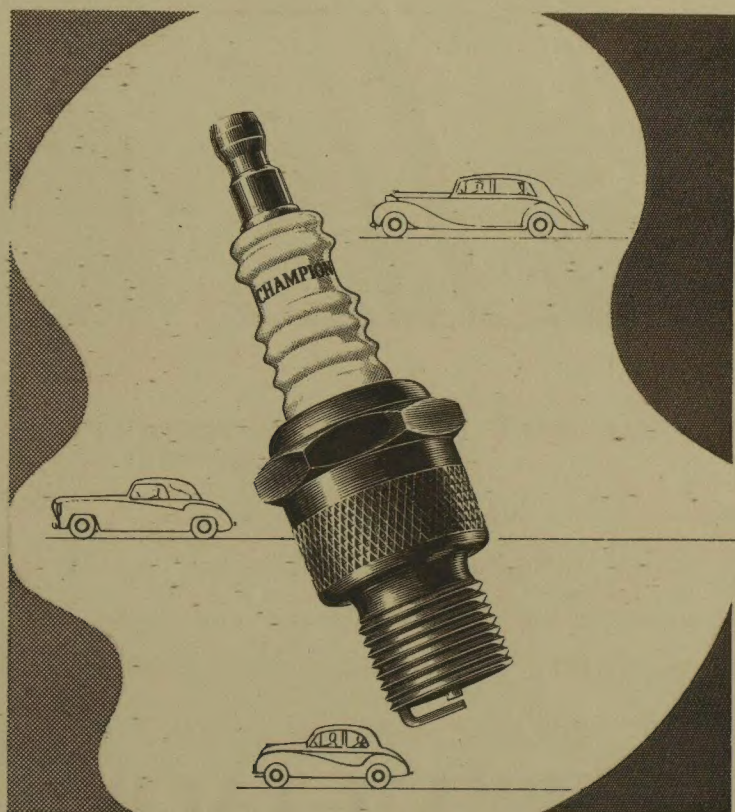


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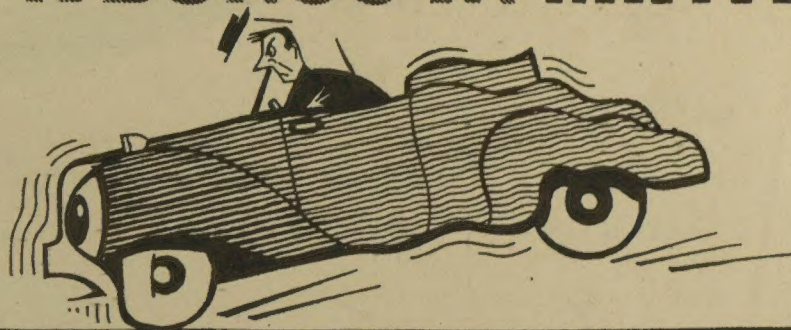
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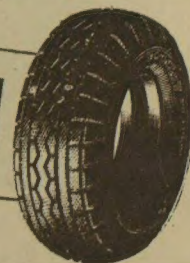
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1951.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING—THE BELOVED FIGURE ON WHOM THE THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS OF THE WHOLE COMMONWEALTH ARE CENTRED: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HIS RETURN FROM BALMORAL ON SEPT. 15.

On September 22 a medical bulletin issued from Buckingham Palace announced that the King had been advised to undergo an operation "in the near future," and on September 23 the news that it had been performed was given in the following bulletin, issued at 4.30 p.m. "The King underwent an operation for lung resection this morning. Whilst anxiety must remain for some days, his Majesty's immediate post-operative condition is satisfactory." A further

announcement was made at 9.15 p.m., which stated that the Royal patient's condition continued to be "as satisfactory as can be expected." As recorded on other pages, the concern felt by all his Majesty's subjects at home and overseas has been expressed in many ways—by anxious crowds outside the Palace, by messages from every part of the Commonwealth and by prayers offered for his recovery by all denominations.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"SEA-KING'S daughter from over the sea"—so, ninety years ago, the arrival of a Danish princess was hailed by the poet-laureate, Tennyson, and acclaimed by the people of island Britain. So to-day the journey of an English Princess and Queen-to-be to the great sea-girt nation of the North-West will be acclaimed by millions of Canadians. But the Princess who comes to them with her sailor husband is already and always has been their Princess—not one to be adopted, but one born a Princess of Canada as much as she was born a Princess of England. For the great political mystery that is the British Commonwealth—the most baffling and, an English historian may be forgiven for thinking, wonderful political organisation yet devised by time and man—here operates. Canada is an independent nation, as absolute in its sovereignty, as individual in its national character, as any nation in the world or history. So is Great Britain. Yet the constitutional King of England is also the constitutional Sovereign of Canada, and his daughter and heir-presumptive the daughter and heir-presumptive alike of Canada and England. And that sovereignty and royal symbolism, so precious to the hearts of both the British and the Canadian peoples, is no mere outward form: it is a political reality, not a shadow, and one that helps to preserve the pride, morale, unity and identity of both peoples. The same mystery is repeated round the world, manifesting itself in each of earth's five continents. It carries in it more hope for the future of mankind than any other political phenomenon of our time, or, perhaps, of any other time: more, I believe, even than that noble and glorious document, the American Declaration of Independence. It provides a framework, "light as air yet strong as links of iron," in which mankind can hope to grow to a new maturity, to a mutual justice, peace and order that transcend race and nation, creed and party. It is the antithesis of the totalitarian conception, of the age-long attempt of the tyrant in man to make all men conform by force and oppression to a single uniform pattern of thought and behaviour.

And where better than in Canada, a part of that wide, unenforced union and itself a peaceful blending of two races and creeds, formerly in bitter antagonism, can this mysterious force of order through freedom be seen at work? And it is the constitutional and symbolic hereditary monarchy of peoples untrammelled in present action yet bound by historic love of freedom that gives the delicate and living organism its guiding pattern.

The Royal visit to Canada is, therefore, one of the most hopeful things in an epoch and a world in which for many hope seems almost to have died. In an eclipse of freedom covering the greater part of the world's eastern and larger hemisphere, the sun is shining brightly on the high snows and golden cornfields and great lakes and rivers of the North-West. It is not only shining, it is climbing. It is not the setting sun we see in the West beyond the Atlantic: it is the rising sun of man's brightest hopes. If any man wishes to test for himself what Canada stands for in the modern world, let him first read one of those melancholy records, steadily increasing in number, of disillusioned idealists who have first embraced, then experienced, and finally fled in horror from the totalitarian ideology that grips so much of the eastern hemisphere in its tortifying grasp: the chronicle of slave camps, and mass deportations, and torture chambers and cowed populations. And then let him turn to the late Stephen Leacock's enchanting little book about life in a growing Canadian community, "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town." He will find here, I think, the true answer to the dilemma which faces mankind to-day. And, as he watches the Royal couple tour the wide and loyal provinces of Canada, he will begin to understand how that dilemma can and, I believe, will one day be resolved. There is much that is great and

germinative in the Union of Soviet Republics and its satellite States. But those who rule them have chosen the old, bloody and tear-stained road of violent enforcement and repression. Those who rule Canada—the people of Canada—have chosen another road; that of toleration and freedom of choice based on the divine right to life and happiness of every individual.

A hundred and seventy years ago the great Irishman, Edmund Burke, whose later obsession with the vigorous tyrannies latent in the splendid hopes of the French Revolution has partially hidden from posterity the generosity and profundity of his political vision, wrote of the difficulty of reconciling "the unwieldy haughtiness of a great ruling nation 'to' the high spirit of free dependencies animated with the first glow of juvenile heat and assuming to themselves as their birthright some part of the very pride that oppressed them." The story of the British Empire, now the free Commonwealth, during the ensuing century and a half has been the story of that reconciliation. We are too near that miraculous achievement—the creation of no single man or party or group of statesmen, but of the growing consciousness and purpose of a free people living and working in the conditions of freedom—to realise how wonderful it seems set against the long, dark, tyrannical pattern of human history.

"The co-operation of different races in the same state," said a thinker of our own time, "is the highest achievement of man in the evolution of political society." When it is achieved without bloodshed and without the long legacy of bitterness and misunderstanding that bloodshed always leaves behind, it is, measured by the puny stature of human capacity, a remarkable achievement indeed. In the case of the growth of Canada to nationhood it has been just such an achievement: the peaceful union of two races and the birth of full Canadian sovereignty within the wider union of nations that stand four-square in resistance to tyranny under a free Crown. "The greatest gift," wrote the Colonial Secretary who moved the second reading of the British North American Act, "that the Crown and Parliament of England have bestowed upon the Canadian people seems to me to be this: that they have given them absolute, unqualified, unstinted freedom in self-government combined with a union with the ancient monarchy of England."

There is one other aspect of the Royal visit to Canada that, apparent to every Canadian, needs to be appreciated by an Englishman living in this

TO OUR READERS.

THIS issue which was designed to mark the departure of their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on the first stage of their tour of Canada has necessitated a certain amount of advance preparation and there is probably no need to remind our readers that the cover and pages in colour had to be printed considerably in advance of the date of issue.

His Majesty the King's illness and operation postponed the departure of their Royal Highnesses and it was announced that they would travel by air to Canada, arriving on October 2. There may be further alterations in their programme for the visit and therefore we ask our readers to forgive any discrepancies there may be in the colour plates and the section dealing with aspects of the Royal Tour.

It is hoped that no further changes in the plans of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will be made; but even so this issue must remain in its present form as a record of what was projected.

We join with the whole of the English-speaking world in sending to the Royal family the expression of our deepest sympathy in their grievous trial, and our heartfelt hopes that his Majesty's recovery may be rapid and complete.

tiny island, crowded as it is with people and ancient historical memories. It is the immense size of Canada—as large as all Europe and fifty times the size of little England—and the amazing rapidity with which this vast area, until comparatively recent times a wilderness peopled only by scanty savage tribes, has been developed and civilised. In the light of that continuing achievement the itinerary of the Princess and Duke of Edinburgh reads like a passage from an epic poem. Quebec, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor, Kapuskasing, Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, the Rockies, Vancouver, Victoria, Esquimalt, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Fort William, Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, Rivière du Loup, Rimouski, Fredericton, Saint John, Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland: what a wealth of courage and high achievement the names symbolise. "What," said an English Prime Minister at Winnipeg during a visit to Canada a quarter of a century ago, "would those pioneers have said had they been here to-night and seen this great city that has risen in what in their day was desert? The boundless fields of grain, the flocks and the herds, the great cities, the schools and universities, the great industries, all have arisen where the old trail went through."* It is that trail that our royal Duke and Duchess will follow—a trail that leads to an illimitable future of hope and human brotherhood.

* "Our Inheritance." By Earl Baldwin. Page 158. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

SHARING THE GENERAL ANXIETY: THE KING'S FAMILY AND HIS PEOPLE.



ANXIOUSLY WAITING TO HEAR NEWS OF HIS MAJESTY'S PROGRESS: PART OF THE CROWD OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE AFTERNOON OF SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, WHEN THE FIRST POST-OPERATION BULLETIN WAS PLACED ON THE RAILINGS. THE POLICE HAD TO FORM THE CROWD INTO A QUEUE TO READ THE BULLETIN.



RETURNING FROM MORNING SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE SHORTLY BEFORE THE KING'S OPERATION: H.M. THE QUEEN.



ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM MARLBOROUGH HOUSE TO SEE THE KING ON THE AFTERNOON OF SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22: H.M. QUEEN MARY.



DRIVING TO THE PALACE TO SEE HER FATHER BEFORE HIS OPERATION: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHOSE DEPARTURE FOR CANADA WAS POSTPONED.

Thousands of people waited until late at night outside Buckingham Palace on Sunday, September 23, the day on which the King underwent an operation for lung resection. The crowd waited quietly, as if trying to convey by their presence the deep and loving sympathy which they felt for the Royal family in their hour of anxiety. When the first bulletin was posted on the railings of Buckingham

Palace in the late afternoon, the crowd surged forward to read it. Princess Elizabeth arrived at the Palace during the afternoon, and stayed for more than seven hours with the Queen and Princess Margaret. The news of the operation was telephoned at once to Marlborough House, where Queen Mary, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal had been waiting.

THE KING'S ILLNESS: PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ATTENDANCE.



SIR JOHN WEIR, WHO HAS BEEN PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE KING SINCE 1937, AND TO QUEEN MARY SINCE 1936. HE ATTENDED PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN HER CONFINEMENTS.



SIR ROBERT YOUNG, ONE OF THE FOREMOST BRITISH AUTHORITIES ON RESPIRATORY DISEASES AND CONSULTING PHYSICIAN TO THE MIDDLESEX AND BROMPTON HOSPITALS.



SIR HORACE EVANS, WHO SUCCEEDED THE LATE LORD DAWSON OF PENN AS PHYSICIAN TO QUEEN MARY IN 1946, AND WAS APPOINTED PHYSICIAN TO THE KING IN 1949.



DR. PETER KERLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE RADIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, WHO WAS WITH DR. CORDINER WHEN THE KING SAW HIM ON SEPTEMBER 8.



MR. CLEMENT PRICE-THOMAS, THE SURGEON WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION FOR LUNG RESECTION ON SEPTEMBER 23: SURGEON AT WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL AND BROMPTON HOSPITAL.



DR. ROBERT MACHRAY, WHO ADMINISTERED THE ANÆSTHETIC TO THE KING FOR THE OPERATION ON SEPTEMBER 23: HE WORKS AT BROMPTON AND WESTMINSTER HOSPITALS.



SIR DANIEL DAVIES, PHYSICIAN TO THE KING SINCE 1949, WAS ALSO PHYSICIAN TO THEIR MAJESTIES WHEN THEY WERE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK. HE IS A PHYSICIAN AT THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL.



DR. GEOFFREY MARSHALL, AN AUTHORITY ON RESPIRATORY COMPLAINTS, AND CONSULTING PHYSICIAN TO GUY'S AND PHYSICIAN TO BROMPTON HOSPITAL.



COLONEL SIR THOMAS PEEL DUNHILL, HEAD OF THE SURGEONS ATTACHED TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: HE WAS LAST YEAR AWARDED THE CECIL JOLL PRIZE FOR WORK ON SURGERY OF THE THYROID. [Detail of a painting by James Gunn.]

Eight medical men signed the bulletin announcing that an operation for lung resection had been carried out on the King on September 23. The surgeons were Colonel Sir Thomas Peel Dunhill, seventy-five-year-old Australian, Sergeant-Surgeon to the King since 1939, and Mr. Clement Price-Thomas, who performed the operation. Mr. Price-Thomas, aged fifty-seven, is surgeon at Westminster and Brompton Hospitals, and is a specialist in the surgical treatment of diseases of the chest. Sir Thomas Peel Dunhill, head of the surgeons attached to the Royal household, is Consulting Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's. The anaesthetist, Dr. Robert Machray, works at Westminster and Brompton Hospitals. Of the physicians, Sir Daniel Davies, aged fifty-one, has been physician to the King since 1949. He is a physician at the Royal Free Hospital. Sir Horace Evans, aged forty-seven, succeeded the late Lord Dawson of Penn as physician to Queen Mary in 1946, and was appointed physician to

the King in 1949. A physician to the London and Royal Masonic Hospitals, he is an authority on blood pressure and kidney ailments. Sir John Weir, at the age of seventy-one, has been Physician-in-ordinary to the King since 1937. He is Hon. Consulting Physician to the Royal London Homeopathic Hospital. Dr. Geoffrey Marshall, aged sixty-three, is an authority on respiratory complaints. Sir Robert Young, aged seventy-nine, is one of the foremost British authorities on respiratory diseases and Consulting Physician to the Middlesex and Brompton Hospitals. The nine names over the bulletin of September 18, which announced that structural changes in his Majesty's lung had been observed, also included Dr. G. Mather Cordiner and Dr. Peter Kerley. Dr. Cordiner, Hon. Pathologist at St. George's Hospital, was the radiologist whom the King visited on September 8, when he also saw Dr. Kerley, the director of the radiological department of Westminster Hospital.



WHERE THE EYES OF THE WHOLE COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE ARE TURNED : BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE SCENE OF THE KING'S OPERATION—A VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, LOOKING ACROSS ST. JAMES'S PARK.

As reported on our frontispiece, an operation to the King's lung was carried out on the morning of September 23 in a room in the north wing on the first floor of Buckingham Palace. On May 24 his Majesty was confined to his room with an attack of influenza, and a visit to Northern Ireland was cancelled, a bulletin stating that there was a small area of catarrhal inflammation on the lung. On June 4 his public engagements for the next four weeks were cancelled, though his general condition was said to have improved. At the beginning of August he went on holiday to Balmoral where, on September 1, he was visited by two

of his doctors, who recommended the King to return to London for a more thorough examination. The King returned to Scotland after this consultation, but on September 11 it was stated that he would return to London for further treatment. After examination by nine doctors he was advised to remain in London and it was announced that structural changes had developed in the lung. On September 21 a bulletin signed by seven doctors stated that the lung condition gave cause for concern and that an operation was desirable. This operation was performed on September 23.

PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK.

SIR FRANKLIN C. GIMSON.

Sir Franklin Gimson has been Governor of the Crown Colony of Singapore since 1946, when it first became a separate colony. The town of Singapore, founded by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819, became a city on September 22 this year by Royal Letters Patent. Sir Franklin Gimson is a Balliol man and was born in 1890.



MR. J. E. BEWSHER.

Died on September 17, aged eighty-six. Associated for over fifty years with publications in the Illustrated Newspapers Group and Advertisement Manager of *The Sphere* from 1922 until he retired in July, 1949. He joined *The Graphic* in 1898 and in 1907 became a member of *The Sphere* advertisement department.



LADY SMITH-DORRIEN, D.B.E.

Died in London on Sept. 15. The widow of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, she organised the Hospital Bag Fund in both World Wars; and was President of the Blue Cross. From 1932 to 1950 she was Principal of the Royal School of Needlework and supervised the embroidery of the Queen's coronation robe and train, and the ceremonial canopy.



U KA SI.

Has arrived in London to take up his appointment as Burmese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Born in 1902 he was selected for the Indian Civil Service in 1923 and from 1923-25 he studied at Cambridge. Previous to his present appointment he was Chief Secretary to the Government of the Union of Burma.

PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.

LORD MAENAN.

Died on September 22, aged ninety-seven. A well-known member of the legal profession, he was presiding Judge of the Court of Passage at Liverpool for forty-five years, not retiring until 1948, when he was already ninety-four. Better known as Sir William Francis Kiffin Taylor, a peerage was conferred upon him in 1948.



MR. GASPARD FAUTEUX.

As Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, Mr. Gaspard Fauteux, with Mrs. Fauteux, arranged to greet their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on their arrival on Canadian soil at Quebec on October 2. A most distinguished personality in the Dominion, Mr. Fauteux was formerly Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons.



ARRIVING AT VICTORIA STATION ON THEIR WAY TO SANDHURST FOR AN EXCHANGE VISIT:

A PARTY OF FRENCH CADETS FROM THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF ST. CYR.

A party of French cadets from the famous military college of St. Cyr arrived at Victoria Station on September 20 en route for the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where they had arranged to stay until September 29, on an exchange visit. Our photograph shows the party of cadets lined up at Victoria Station with their officers. Recently thirty-seven Acting Sub-Lieutenants of the Royal Netherlands Navy arrived in England to join H.M. ships to gain sea-going experience.



THE EARL OF ANCASTER.

Died on September 19, aged eighty-four. He was one of the three Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlains of England, and was selected for that office in 1937. He resigned the office in favour of his elder son last year. He was Lord Lieutenant of Rutland from 1921 until a short time ago, and Chairman of Rutland County Council, 1922-37.



MR. VINCENT MASSEY.

As Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey arranged to receive Queen Mary's carpet from Princess Elizabeth at the presentation to the National Gallery on October 3 at Ottawa. He was High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada in the United Kingdom from 1935 to 1946.



TOURING NEW ZEALAND: LORD JOWITT, LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND (CENTRE, LEFT), TALKING TO MEMBERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND SUPREME COURT BENCH IN WELLINGTON.

During his tour of New Zealand the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Jowitt, was greeted at the greatest legal gathering in the Dominion's history in the Wellington Supreme Court on September 4. Our photograph shows the Lord Chancellor chatting with members of the New Zealand

(Continued opposite.)

Supreme Court Bench after the reception. (L. to r.) Mr. Justice Hay (the acting Chief Justice of New Zealand); Sir Arthur Fair; Lord Jowitt; Mr. Justice Gresson; Mr. Justice Hutchison and Mr. Justice Cooke. Lord Jowitt attended many legal functions during his tour.



THE RT. REV. WALTER F. BARFOOT.

Recently installed at Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, British Columbia, as Primate of the Church of England in Canada. He has succeeded Archbishop Kingston, who died last November. Dr. Barfoot had been previously Bishop of Edmonton, Alberta, since 1941. Born in 1893 he was ordained in 1923.



MARSHAL TITO VISITS A BRITISH SHIP: THE YUGOSLAV LEADER INSPECTING A ROYAL MARINE GUARD OF HONOUR ON BOARD H.M.S. LIVERPOOL. On September 11 the cruiser *Liverpool*, flying the flag of Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C-in-C, Mediterranean, anchored at Split, on the Navy's first post-war visit to Yugoslav waters. In the afternoon Marshal Tito went on board the *Liverpool* and was conducted by the Admiral on a tour of the ship. At his own request Marshal Tito went on a second tour and spent nearly an hour on board.



THE FIRST AMERICAN CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT: MR. FRANCIS OUIMET.

Mr. Ouimet, first U.S. Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, played himself into office on September 19 with a ball of U.S. specification adorned with the U.S. Eagle and the British lion. He rewarded the man who "fielded" it with a 5-dollar piece in a blue case, in place of the traditional sovereign.



THE GERMAN AFRIKA KORPS REUNION AT ISERLOHN: (L. TO R.) MANFRED ROMMEL, FRAU ROMMEL, FRAU MUENCHEBERG AND GENERAL CRUWELL. More than 2500 former members of the German Afrika Korps, under their last commander, General Cruwell, met in a large cinema at Iserlohn, Westphalia, on September 16 to re-establish their identity as a corporate body. The gathering was attended by Frau Rommel, widow of the Field Marshal, and their son, Manfred Rommel. In our photograph a large oil-painting of Field Marshal Rommel can be seen in the background.

THE GENERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN OPENS, AND NEWS OF THE ENGLISH SCENE IN PICTURES.



CROSSING THE THAMES BY TIGHT-ROPE: M. CHARLES ELLEANO, STARTING OUT ON HIS EXPLOIT NEAR CHARING CROSS AND MAKING FOR THE SKYLON.

On the afternoon of September 22, a Frenchman, M. Charles Elleano, walked across the Thames on a 1100-ft.-long cable, stretched from the Embankment near Charing Cross Underground station to the South Bank Exhibition. He took 25 minutes, and was for a while obscured by smoke from a tug. The cable was $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick.



NAMING THE SUBMARINE *TURPIN* FOR THE SECOND TIME IN SEVEN YEARS: LADY TOVEY RINGING THE BELL IN THE CEREMONY AT CHATHAM.

In August, 1944 the T-class submarine *Turpin* was launched at Chatham and named by Lady Tovey, the wife of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Tovey. Since then the submarine has been practically rebuilt and her design, performance and equipment are secret. When she was relaunched on September 17, Lady Tovey again performed the ceremony of naming her.



THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN OPENS: A SCENE AT THE LABOUR PARTY HEADQUARTERS, SHOWING BUNDLED LITERATURE BEING PUT ON THE MOVING BELT.

After the nine o'clock news on the evening of September 19, Mr. Attlee announced that a General Election would be held on October 25. The present Parliament would be dissolved on October 5 and the new Parliament would meet on October 31, with the State Opening on November 6. Mr. Morgan Phillips, secretary of the Labour Party, said Labour would fight every seat in England, Scotland and Wales, and expressed his belief that Labour could win.



AT THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY HEADQUARTERS IN WESTMINSTER: CONSERVATIVE WORKERS PREPARING BUNDLES OF LITERATURE.



SPEEDING AT OVER 120 MILES AN HOUR OVER THE SURFACE OF CONISTON WATER: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL AND HIS MECHANIC IN BRITAIN'S MOST POWERFUL SPEEDBOAT, *BLUEBIRD*.

Our photograph was taken on September 20, when Mr. Donald Campbell and his mechanic, Mr. Leo Villa, were testing this country's most powerful speedboat, *Bluebird*, on Coniston Water, in preparation for its attack on the American-held world water-speed record of 160.32 m.p.h. During the trials *Bluebird* is reported to have reached 130 m.p.h. As can be seen, *Bluebird* has two cockpits.



WINTER CLOTHING FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN KOREA: LEFT, THE NEW TYPE, WITH PARKA AND HOOD, AND, RIGHT, THE OLDER TYPE OF "COMBAT SMOCK."

On September 19, various items of winter clothing for the Korean campaign were exhibited at the War Office. The most interesting were the combat suit and "mukluk" boots, shown on the left. This whole kit is said to weigh only between 19 and 20 lb. The zippered parka is of gaberdine lined with wool pile, the boots are of rubber and water-repellent canvas. By November 1, 11 per cent of British troops in Korea will have the new equipment, rising to 50 per cent by 1952, the remainder being equipped with "combat smocks."

LIGHT ON THE ELIZABETHAN PERSECUTIONS.

"JOHN GERARD: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ELIZABETHAN." Translated from the Latin by Philip Caraman. With an Introduction by Graham Greene.*

THIS autobiography of an English Jesuit who worked for eighteen years in England, was committed to the Tower, was abominably tortured, and then escaped and continued to serve in England, was written in Latin as a report to his Superiors in Rome. It has been translated before, eighty years ago; but into "period" Elizabethan English, by Father John Morris. The new translation includes "all the passages which Father Morris omitted, either because he considered them indelicate or because they referred to disputes which were still a live issue in his own day." When the earlier translation appeared its few readers probably regarded it as a tale of:

Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago.

Alas, we cannot now. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, whose knowledge of history was imperfect, used to talk about returning to the Middle Ages, as though the Middle Ages were the Dark Ages; other men, in my youth, used to say that mild excesses reminded them of "the worst horrors of the French Revolution." To-day, in spite of all our internal-combustion engines, helicopters, submarines and atom bombs, we are living in a period which, for cold-blooded cruelty and mass-massacre, has never been equalled in the history of the world.

We walk about, all of us, including the despots in the Kremlin, the Communist Commissars in China, and the delegates to U.N.O., of Ruritania and Runtifoo, in tail-coats, starched collars and Foreign Office hats. Everything, on the surface, looks too civilised for words. So things looked in Father Gerard's time. This *sub-rosa* Jesuit, an Oxford man, gently born, here only to restore people to the Old Faith, had to masquerade in fashionable clothing, play cards in the evenings, and chatter about hawking and hunting: he may, for all we know to the contrary, have got into trouble through trumping his partner Shakespeare's ace at Lord Pembroke's, or have been rebuked in Hertfordshire for over-running hounds. But underneath that gay, sophisticated surface there lay the world of spies, double-spies, traitors, sadists, dungeons, escapes and torture-chambers. The great Duke of Wellington, who hated war all the more for having seen a great deal of it, said that if wars must be, he much preferred a war of ambition to a war of opinion. In Gerard's age, the war of opinion was raging, here and elsewhere. There were fanatics on both sides and the prudent or aspiring politicians adapted themselves to the mental climate. The forgiving face of Christ on the Cross looked down on the fires of Smithfield; and later had to contemplate men, in His name, doing intolerable wrongs to His faithful Catholic servants.

In "Shakespeare's England," because a man, loyal to Queen and country as well as to his faith, would not betray his companions, this sort of thing happened: "Then they began to implore me not to force them to take steps they were loath to take. They said they would have to put me to the torture every day, as long as my life lasted, until I gave them the information they wanted."

"I trust in God's goodness," I answered, "that He will prevent me from ever committing a sin such as this—the sin of accusing innocent people. We are all in God's hands and therefore I have no fear of anything you can do to me."

"This was the sense of my answers, as far as I can recall them now."

"We went to the torture-chamber in a kind of solemn procession, the attendants walking ahead with lighted candles."

"The chamber was underground and dark, particularly near the entrance. It was a vast place and every device and instrument of human torture was there. They pointed out some of them to me and said that I would try them all. Then they asked me again whether I would confess."

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"I cannot," I said.

"I fell on my knees for a moment's prayer. Then they took me to a big upright pillar, one of the wooden posts which held the roof of this huge underground chamber. Driven into the top of it were iron staples for supporting heavy weights. Then they put my wrists into iron gauntlets and ordered me to climb



JOHN GERARD'S HOUSE, ON RIGHT, IN ST. CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON. When the above engraving was published by N. Smith, in 1798, there was a tradition that the right-hand corner house was the meeting-place of the conspirators before the Gunpowder Plot. As this tradition was well founded, it is probably the house held under lease by John Gerard and mentioned by the conspirators in their depositions. It stood on the east side of St. Clement's Lane. The illustrations on this page are reproduced from the book "John Gerard," by courtesy of the publishers, Longmans, Green and Co.



"THEY LED ME AWAY AND TOOK ME TO THE TOWER OF LONDON... WE WENT TO THE TORTURE-CHAMBER IN A KIND OF SOLEMN PROCESSION, THE ATTENDANTS WALKING AHEAD WITH LIGHTED CANDLES": THE TOWER OF LONDON, A PRINT OF AN ENGRAVING MADE IN 1597.

John Gerard was taken to the Tower of London in April, 1597. After being cruelly tortured there during his imprisonment he contrived to escape in October of the same year. The print of the above engraving of the Tower of London is described as "A True and Exact Draught of the Tower Liberties."

Reproduced by kind permission of the Society of Antiquaries.

two or three wicker steps. My arms were then lifted up and an iron bar was passed through the rings of one gauntlet, then through the staple and rings of the second gauntlet. This done, they fastened the bar with a pin to prevent it slipping, and then, removing the wicker steps one by one from under my feet, they left me hanging by my hands and arms fastened above my head. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the ground, and they had to dig away the earth from under them. They had hung me up from the highest staple

in the pillar and could not raise me any higher, without driving in another staple.

"Hanging like this I began to pray. The gentlemen standing around asked me whether I was willing to confess now."

"I cannot and I will not," I answered.

"But I could hardly utter the words, such a gripping pain came over me. It was worst in my chest and belly, my hands and arms. All the blood in my body seemed to rush up into my arms and hands and I thought that blood was oozing out from the ends of my fingers and the pores of my skin. But it was only a sensation caused by my flesh swelling above the irons holding them. The pain was so intense that I thought I could not possibly endure it, and added to it, I had an interior temptation. Yet I did not feel any wish or inclination to give them the information they wanted. The Lord saw my weakness with the eyes of His mercy, and did not permit me to be tempted beyond my strength."

Over and over again he was hung up, fainted and was hung up again; when, almost in extremis, he still refused to speak, a voice shouted at him: "Then hang there until you rot off the pillar." In the end, after a constant repetition of torture and inquisition, he got out of the Tower in the best manner of the novels of Dumas, Weyman and Buchan, by dint of bribing a jailer who didn't quite know what he was doing. And he remained in England, going from country-house to country-house, hunting, hawking, celebrating Mass, tucked away in holes by pious ladies when the Gestapo came battering at the doors, and always knowing that if he were caught it would mean certain torture and probable slow death.

He was still here when the preposterous Gunpowder Plot was contrived. Certain Catholic gentlemen, exasperated by long persecution, resolved on desperate measures, which would have done their cause no good even if they had succeeded. Some of them confessed their intention to priests: the priests tried to dissuade them and even tried to obtain a prohibition from the Pope: Gerard knew of the plot only from rumour. Yet the powers-that-were simply could not understand that secrets given under the seal of the confessional could not be disclosed, knowing nothing of the nature of a vow.

This book, in the light of happenings in Germany and behind the Iron Curtain, has become contemporary again. Mr. Graham Greene, in an Introduction which, in point of form, content and phrasing, is a model of its kind, says: "This last era of a declining and gasping world"—so Gerard describes in his modest preface the setting of his *Autobiography*. How strangely that phrase would have sounded to a Victorian ear, or to the ear of Archdeacon Grantly or Mr. Micawber—a phrase, it would have seemed to them, as outlandish as Gerard's adventure (it would be more accurate, when we remember his narrow escapes, his disappointments and betrayals, the long, terrible scene of his torture, to call it his Passion). This history would have been as remote from them as an historical novel, and as an historical novel they would have preferred *Esmond*, with its remote romanticism, the dandyism of snuff-box and cane. They would have been a little disturbed even by Gerard's love story, for this, when you come to think of it, is a love story, the story of a man who loved his fellows to the worst point of pain. Outlandish, yes; but for a quarter of a century now we have been travelling slowly back towards those outlands of danger through which Gerard moved in his disguise of fashion, with his talk of the hunt and of cards. We can read the *Autobiography* like a contemporary document or perhaps as something still a little ahead of our time, as though in a dream we had been allowed to read an account of life in 1960; life as it is going to be lived."

That would have been George Orwell's view. We may choose to draw back from the abyss.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 502 of this issue.

* "John Gerard: The Autobiography of an Elizabethan." Translated from the Latin by Philip Caraman. With an Introduction by Graham Greene. Illustrated (Longmans; 18s.)

SINGAPORE BECOMES A CITY—A FITTING CROWN FOR SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES' ENTERPRISE AND VISION.



ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL HARBOURS OF THE WORLD: THE WATERFRONT OF SINGAPORE, THE CREATION OF ENGLISH VISION AND INDUSTRY, NOW A CITY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



THE COLONIAL SECRETARIAT, SINGAPORE, SEEN FROM ACROSS THE SINGAPORE RIVER. THE CITY OF SINGAPORE IS THE HEALTHIEST PORT IN THE EAST.



THE SUPREME COURT AND MUNICIPAL BUILDING, SINGAPORE, FROM ACROSS THE PADANG. SINGAPORE 132 YEARS AGO WAS A MANGROVE SWAMP, AND NOW POSSESSES MANY FINE AND BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS.



THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL, SINGAPORE, WITH THE STATUE OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES IN FRONT OF IT, ON THE SITE WHERE HE FIRST LANDED ON THE ISLAND IN 1819.



NORTH CANAL ROAD, SINGAPORE—A PICTURESQUE CHINESE STREET IN THE CITY. OUT OF A TOTAL POPULATION OF 938,144, SOME 729,000 ARE CHINESE.



NEW HOUSING IN SINGAPORE: POST-WAR BUILDINGS IN EU-CHIN STREET, BUILT BY THE SINGAPORE IMPROVEMENT TRUST. THE CITY'S HOUSING NEEDS ARE URGENT.

On September 22 the town of Singapore achieved the status and dignity of a city under Letters Patent of his Majesty under the Great Seal bearing the date July 24, 1951—a fitting and appropriate acknowledgment of the growth and prosperity of this great port in the 132 years since its foundation in 1819 by Sir Stamford Raffles. It was his vision that realised the commercial and strategic possibilities of the swampy and virtually uninhabited island off the south of the Malay Peninsula; and he negotiated a lease of part of the island from the

Sultan of Johore, and, five years later, the purchase outright of the whole island. Since then it has grown in prosperity without a check. In 1824 its population was 10,683; in 1860, 81,734; and at the latest census (1947), 938,144 (of whom 729,473 are Chinese), while a recent estimate places it over the million-mark. It became a first-class naval base in 1938; and was created a separate Crown Colony in 1946; and has the distinction of possessing one of the largest and most beautiful harbours in the world and being the healthiest port in the East.

ONE hundred years ago, on October 2, 1851, Ferdinand Foch was born at Tarbes, Haute-Pyrénées. In general, when we look back upon the first centenary of a great man, we see him as a somewhat remote figure, because his best days are outside the memory of most living people. Foch is not remote in this sense, because he did not become an international figure until he was well over sixty, perhaps not until he was sixty-six, in the spring of 1918. Vast numbers of men not yet old, a fair proportion of them not much over fifty, served under his orders. There must be millions alive who saw him at the great functions which he constantly attended after the First World War. ("I am a mere parcel," he said in those days. "I let them pack me up. They exhibit me, then store me away again.") His death in 1929 furnished the most prominent item in the world's news. His widow died only the other day at

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PLACE OF MARSHAL FOCH.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

found little opportunity for brilliant feats of arms. Such as were accomplished, by Allenby, Maude, Franchet d'Espèrey, Falkenhayn, Mackensen and Brusilov, for example, took place in theatres other than the Western. The two supreme lessons which might have been learnt from the Russo-Turkish, South African, Russo-Japanese and First Balkan Wars, the power of the rifle, later the magazine rifle and machine-gun, and the value of improvised field fortification in combination with it, had not been properly absorbed. All the senior commanders on both sides in France and Belgium were baffled by the new conditions, and it is a fallacy to suppose that the period was deficient in good military brains. These men ought perhaps to have reacted otherwise than they did to their problem, but it cannot be denied that they were unlucky in their military epoch. Foch was no exception. He did, however, play a notable part in the early stages, particularly during the so-called "race to the sea" and the First Battle of Ypres. For the rest, space permits consideration only of what he accomplished after he had been called to the supreme Allied command during the German offensive of March, 1918.

The first move he made was the decisive one as regards that particular danger. He hastened the transfer,

so far painfully slow, of French troops to the British front, and ended the tendency of the two national forces to draw apart, Pétain to cover Paris, Haig to cover the Channel Ports. In the further German offensives of that spring and summer he doled out reserves with a parsimonious hand, as the British found good reason to know in that of the Lys. If he subjected the British Army to a heavy strain, his judgment of its steadiness and endurance none the less proved correct. He was, it is true, taken completely by surprise by Ludendorff in the offensive of the Chemin des Dames, but he never left himself without means to seal off the great pockets made by the German thrusts. It seems certain that, in default of a supreme co-ordinator, and one of a very able sort, enjoying high prestige and sincere respect, and endowed with sound judgment, iron determination and fairness of mind, the Allied armies would have been utterly defeated before the Americans intervened in strength. His presence and his spirit constituted a great asset to the Allied cause in those dark and dangerous days.

When the time came for the counter-offensive, he found that Ludendorff had prepared the way for him by creating a series of huge pockets or salients in the Allied front. It was far easier to break into them than into the old front, partly because they were salients, partly because their defences were less highly organised. So he set the ball rolling. In the offensive he then developed a system of major tactics which looks by no means inspiring, but which in his

could be no envelopment, single or double. What was to take its place? Foch strove to paralyse the enemy by dislocating his array and his railway system, pressing him up against the Ardennes, so that, when the German Army leaders demanded an armistice, the army was largely immobilised. It could physically have fought on for some time, though in fact its spirit was broken, but in any case it could not have manoeuvred. The road transport of that day would not take an army through the Ardennes as in 1940, and there was only one main railway line, of low capacity.

Foch always held that for the commander to watch over the execution of his plan and see it through step by step to the end was an essential principle. He was not, of course, the first to look upon performance as an essential part of plan. Clausewitz had written: "Strategy must go with the army to the field. . . . Strategy can never take its hand from the work for a moment." To Foch, however, it was almost the primary rule of the commander's rôle. Some risk appeared that he would interfere unduly in the tactical affairs of his immediate subordinates, who were, after all, themselves commanders-in-chief and representatives of their Governments and nations. He did at various times have brushes with Haig, Pershing and King Albert, as well as the French Commander-in-Chief, Pétain, who, as his own countryman, he treated with a pretty high hand. Yet he never carried interference in the affairs of a foreign commander anything like as far as Nivelle had tried to do with Haig—alas that it should be said, with the secret connivance of Haig's own Prime Minister. Of all the commanders who in that war directed the operations of large bodies of troops of different nationalities, Foch was the most successful. He had less patience and tact than General Eisenhower, but even the latter did not altogether avoid friction. It cannot be done in an international army.

I cannot touch on the fruitless struggle carried on by Foch with Clémenceau for a French military frontier on the Rhine, which was the chief episode of his post-war career, and a sad one. I prefer to devote my final words to a few brief notes on his characteristics. In the course of the war he acquired



AT BRITISH FOURTH ARMY H.Q., FLIXECOURT, AUGUST 12, 1918, AFTER THE AMIENS VICTORY: A GROUP SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) GENERALS RAWLINSON AND DEBENEV, MARSHAL FOCH, KING GEORGE V., FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, GENERALS PÉTAINE AND FAYOLLE.
Imperial War Museum Photograph.

an advanced age. I visited her at Trofeunteuniou in 1938, and had a letter from her just before France was plunged into darkness in 1940.

The life of Foch up to 1914 would be considered by most soldiers dull and uninspiring. He saw no service abroad, so that he had never been under fire; for, though he broke off his education to enlist in an infantry regiment during the Franco-German War, he was not in action. The colonial military men, headed by Gallieni, Lyautey, Franchet d'Espèrey, Gouraud, Henrys and Mangin, saw much interesting and profitable active service abroad, but the other senior officers mostly rose by way of the General Staff of the Army or as instructors. Foch belonged to the latter category. The intervals were passed in garrison towns, a few, like Nancy, lively in the professional sense, because they faced the danger, but most of them rather dreary and somnolent. Promotion was in those days extremely slow in the French Army, as, indeed, in the German. General Azan, in the biography of Franchet d'Espèrey which I reviewed here a couple of years ago, talks of him as "the young brigadier" at the age of fifty-five. Before he reached his next birthday Franchet d'Espèrey received his third star (that of *général de division*), and his biographer calls it "superb progress for the period." It certainly was superb by comparison with that of Foch, who was in his sixtieth year when he reached this rank and took over command of a division, but it would not be thought so now in any army.

Yet Foch held some interesting appointments, being given his start by his instructor at the School of War in 1885, Commandant Millet, who many years later took him as his Chief of Staff in the V. Corps at Orléans. He had two spells of service on the General Staff of the Army. In 1894 he was appointed assistant "professor"—we should say "instructor"—at the School of War, and became chief instructor in 1898. There he delivered a series of lectures which became famous, and which he later published in two volumes, "Des Principes de la Guerre" and "De la Conduite de la Guerre." And though he was, as he said, "thrown out of the window" and bogged down in promotion as a "clerical" in the wretched aftermath of the Dreyfus case, he returned in triumph to the School as Director in 1908. In 1913 he obtained command of the well-known XX. Corps at Nancy, the force to which was allocated the task of covering mobilisation in the event of war. He was also comfortably circumstanced in days when a relatively little money went a long way, and married a lady of some means, Julie Bienvenue, of Saint-Brieuc. He had two country houses in later years, the delightful manor house and small estate of Trofeunteuniou, near Morlaix, which he and his wife bought in 1895, and a little house at Valentine, on the slopes of the Pyrenees, which came from his own family. He did not therefore live the narrow life of many of his contemporaries.

The place of Foch in military history will always provide matter for discussion. He was caught up in a great war, and in a theatre within that war where, after the first two or three months, senior commanders



THE DELIGHTFUL MANOR-HOUSE AND SMALL ESTATE OF TROFEUNTEUNIOU, NEAR MORLAIX, WHICH MARSHAL FOCH AND HIS WIFE BOUGHT IN 1895, AND WHERE THE GREAT SOLDIER DIED IN 1929: A VIEW OF THE REAR FAÇADE.

From a photograph by Captain Cyril Falls.

estimation suited the conditions of that war, in which every attempt at a break-through started promisingly and was then sealed off. Ludendorff had tried every time to break through and then roll up the front, but had been held up before the rolling-up could be started. The device of Foch was, when resistance stiffened and it looked as though the front would congeal, to extend the battle to the flanks. This paid him well. But if there were no break-through there



"HIS PRESENCE AND HIS SPIRIT CONSTITUTED A GREAT ASSET TO THE ALLIED CAUSE IN THOSE DARK AND DANGEROUS DAYS": MARSHAL FOCH (1918), FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., IN THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, LONDON.

a reputation for being bad-tempered and difficult to please. General Weygand tells me that this was exaggerated, but in any case what there was of it was due to the strain of war. In his earlier career Foch had been found, by juniors as well as by equals and seniors, gay, affable and friendly, though he was always decisive and even brusque in manner. He came of a pious line and was himself pious in a simple and undemonstrative way almost as a matter of course. He was devoted to his family and the great sorrow of his life was the death of his only son at the beginning of the war. Though he did not entrench upon his dignity, he enjoyed taking part in mild banter at his own expense, this being often concerned with the frequency with which his cigars and pipes went out. He was a good friend, and did not pursue with bitterness such enmities as he experienced. He was as active in body as in mind, and few men of his time can have covered more miles in cars. He was a good horseman and a good shot, and partridge-shooting was his favourite relaxation.

He was above all honourable and upright. No quality could be more necessary to the international commander, since, if once the smallest doubt arises on that score, he will never be trusted by the leaders of the forces of other nationalities under his orders. On the base of his equestrian monument in Grosvenor Gardens are inscribed words spoken by himself after the war, that he was conscious of having served our country as faithfully as he had served his own. It is a proud boast and a true one.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: AERIAL VIEWS OF FIVE GREAT CITIES OF THE DOMINION.



(ABOVE.) TORONTO, WHERE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ARE EXPECTED TO ARRIVE ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 5 AND LEAVE EARLY ON OCTOBER 7. A VIEW SHOWING THE HARBOUR AND LAKE ERIE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photographic Survey Corporation, Toronto.



QUEBEC, WHICH OVERLOOKS THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, AND IS THE CITY WHERE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' CANADIAN TOUR WAS DUE TO BEGIN ON OCTOBER 2.

Photographic Surveys (Quebec), Ltd.

DURING the forthcoming tour by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh of the ten provinces of Canada, their Royal Highnesses will visit the five great cities views of which are shown on this page. At Quebec, where the tour was to begin on October 2, they were to meet the Governor-General, Field Marshal Lord Alexander, and the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent. The Royal couple arranged to visit the Parliament Buildings, the Laval University, and attend a youth demonstration, a garden party and a State Dinner given by the Prime Minister of Quebec. On the following day, October 3, the Royal visitors have a full programme in Ottawa, the capital city. The events include a visit to the Parliament Buildings and a State Dinner at Government House. On October 4, the programme is lighter, and includes, weather permitting, a boat trip on Ottawa River. In accordance with their Royal Highnesses' wishes, the arrangements are as simple as they can be, in order that the tour will enable them to see as many people as possible.



OTTAWA, CAPITAL CITY OF CANADA, WHERE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PLAN TO SPEND TWO DAYS, OCTOBER 3 AND 4.

Photographic Survey Corporation, Toronto.



MONTREAL, CANADA'S LARGEST CITY, WHICH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ARE EXPECTED TO VISIT FROM OCTOBER 22 TO 24, WHEN THEY ARE DUE TO LEAVE FOR WASHINGTON.

Photograph by National Film Board.



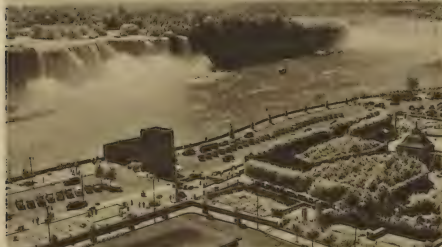
WINNIPEG, TO BE VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ON OCTOBER 9. THE WINNIPEG LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS CAN BE SEEN ACROSS THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER CENTRE.

Photograph by Trans-Canada Air Lines.

THE GREAT SIX-THOUSAND-MILE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA.



VANCOUVER, B.C., TO BE VISITED ON OCT. 13-14 AND OCT. 19: THE MARINE BUILDING AND HARBOUR FRONT (L.) AND CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY HOTEL (R.). [R.C.A.F. Photograph.]



NIAGARA FALLS, WHICH THE ROYAL COUPLE ARE TO VISIT ON OCT. 7: THE AMERICAN FALLS (L.) AND THE HORSESHOE FALLS (R.), WITH DARTS GARDENS (FOREGROUND). [N.F.B. Photograph.]



SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN, WHICH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WILL VISIT ON OCTOBER 21; THEY ARE DUE TO ARRIVE THERE BY AIR AND LEAVE ON THE SAME DAY. [R.C.A.F. Photograph.]



FREDERICTON, CAPITAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK, WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE WILL VISIT ON OCTOBER 30, LEAVING THE SAME DAY. [R.C.A.F. Photograph.]



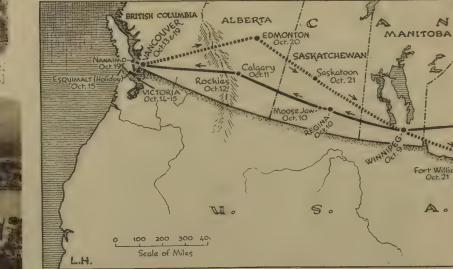
CALGARY, ALBERTA, WHERE THE ROYAL COUPLE ARE DUE TO ARRIVE ON OCTOBER 11, AND THEN LEAVE FOR THE ROCKIES: AN AERIAL VIEW. [R.C.A.F. Photograph.]



LONDON, ONTARIO: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE SPLENDID BUILDINGS IN THIS CITY, THROUGH WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE ARE TO PASS ON OCTOBER 7.



CHARLOTTETOWN, CAPITAL OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WHICH THE ROYAL PAIR WILL VISIT ON NOVEMBER 2: AN IMPRESSIVE AIR VIEW SHOWING THE WATERFRONT. [R.C.A.F. Photograph.]



A MAP INDICATING THE OFFICIAL ROUTE: THE ROYAL PAIR ORIGINALLY ARRANGED TO DISMEMBER AT AND THE FOLLOWING PROVINCIAL CAPITALS: TORONTO (ONTARIO, OCTOBER 6), WINNIPEG (MANITOBA, OCTOBER 10), EDMONTON (ALBERTA, OCTOBER 20), SASKATOON (NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 20), HALIFAX (NOVA SCOTIA, NOVEMBER 4), AND WILL ALSO MAKE VISITS TO MANY IMPORTANT

T.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh originally arranged to leave this country on September 25 for their tour of Canada, that great Dominion which comprises the whole of the northern part of North America (except Alaska), ranging from latitude 42° to the Arctic regions, and touching three oceans, with an area of 3,684,723 square miles. During their journey they will travel some 6000 miles from the Atlantic coast, from Quebec on October 2, across Canada to the Pacific coast, and return by a



REGINA, CAPITAL OF SASKATCHEWAN, WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE EXPECT TO VISIT ON OCTOBER 10: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE GREENBELT AND STREETS. [N.F.B. Photograph.]



HAMILTON, WHICH THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL VISIT ON OCTOBER 7, IS AN INDUSTRIAL CITY, WITH A POPULATION OF 155,000. [Photographic Survey, L.M.]



EDMONTON, CAPITAL OF ALBERTA, WHERE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WILL STAY ON OCTOBER 20: THE ALBERTA LEGISLATIVE BUILDING FROM THE AIR. [N.F.B. Photograph.]



QUEBEC, CAPITAL OF QUEBEC PROVINCE ON OCTOBER 2; VISIT OTTAWA, FEDERAL CAPITAL (OCTOBER 3 AND 4); OCTOBER 6, REGINA (SASKATCHEWAN, OCTOBER 10), VICTORIA (BRITISH COLUMBIA, OCTOBER 14 AND 15), OCTOBER 17, CHARLOTTETOWN (PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND), NOVEMBER 2, ST. JOHN'S (NEWFOUNDLAND, NOVEMBER 4); AND WILL ALSO MAKE VISITS TO MANY IMPORTANT

different route. They plan to visit every provincial capital between Ontario and British Columbia, and after their visit to the U.S.A. on October 24-25, they will see the Maritime Provinces, before sailing from St. John's for home on November 5. Owing to the King's illness, it was announced on September 21 that their Royal Highnesses would not leave by sea in the liner *Empress of France* as planned but would fly to Canada to start their tour on October 2 as arranged and that the programme of the tour would be unaltered.

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC: NOBLE PROSPECTS AND CITIES.



HALIFAX, CAPITAL OF NOVA SCOTIA, WHERE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PLAN TO STAY FROM OCTOBER 31 TO NOVEMBER 2: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF CITADEL HILL. [N.F.B. Photograph.]



JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA, WITH MOUNT ATHABASCA SEEN FROM THE ICEBERGS HIGHWAY. THE ROYAL COUPLE WILL BE IN THE ROCKIES ON OCTOBER 12. [N.F.B. Photograph.]



ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK, WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL ARRIVE ON OCTOBER 30: A GENERAL VIEW OF WEST ST. JOHN. [N.F.B. Photograph.]



ST. JOHN'S, CAPITAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND, AT WHICH THE ROYAL COUPLE ARE DUE TO ARRIVE ON NOVEMBER 4. THEY EMBARK FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM ON NOV. 5. [N.F.B. Photograph.]

THE HERALDRY OF CANADA.



ALBERTA.

Became a province, 1905; capital, Edmonton; population, 803,330. The coat-of-arms carries the St. George's Cross and a landscape summarising the scenery of the province, the mountains, foothills and great plains.



SASKATCHEWAN.

Became a province, 1905; capital, Regina; population, 874,000. The coat-of-arms carries the lion passant guardant and sheaves symbolising the province's immense production of wheat.



BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Became a province, 1871; capital, Victoria; population, 1,138,000 (estimated). The coat-of-arms includes the Union Jack and a setting sun, the motto meaning "Splendour without sunset."

DOMINION, PROVINCIAL AND TERRITORIAL ARMS.



ONTARIO.

One of the original provinces of 1867, previously called Upper Canada; capital, Toronto; population, 4,512,000 (estimated). The motto means: "As she began, so she shall remain, faithful," and the shield bears a triple maple-leaf.



QUEBEC.

One of the original provinces of 1867, previously known as New France, Quebec, Canada, Lower Canada and Canada East; capital, Quebec; population, 3,976,000 (estimated). The shield carries the united symbols of the Royal Arms of England and France and the maple-leaves of Canada herself.



The armorial bearings of the Dominion of Canada, dating from a Royal Proclamation of November, 1921. The shield, tiered in fesse, shows in the two upper divisions the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland and France, symbolising the origins of the Canadians, the third division showing the maple-leaves of Canada herself. The red maple-leaf born by the lion in the crest symbolises the Canadian sacrifice in the 1914-18 War. The motto means: "From ocean to ocean."

THESE armorial bearings and shields of Canada, her ten provinces and one of the two territories, are full of interest, significance and, especially in two cases, history. The arms of Canada herself are a modern grant and the shield sets forth heraldically the historic origins of the Dominion, and the flags of Great Britain and France are borne by the Lion and Unicorn supporters. The motto signifies that Canada stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The arms of Nova Scotia, the Standard of Scotland

(Continued below, left.)



MANITOBA.

Became a province in 1870; capital, Winnipeg; population, 795,000 (estimated). The coat-of-arms carries the St. George's Cross and a buffalo, recalling the province's pioneering days. Canada has two sub-species of buffalo, the Wood Buffalo and the Plains Buffalo. Both are now increasing under protection.



(Right.)

NEW BRUNSWICK. One of the original provinces of 1867; capital, Fredericton; population, 522,000 (estimated). Discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534, and separated from Nova Scotia in 1784.



(Left.)

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Became a province (the smallest) in 1873; capital, Charlottetown; population, 93,000 (estimated). The motto (and the emblem) mean: "Small under the shadow of the great."



(Continued.) on a St. Andrew's Cross are the earliest in the British Dominions, being granted by Charles I. in 1625. The motto signifies "One protects and another conquers." The arms of New-

(Continued opposite.)

(Left.)

NOVA SCOTIA.

One of the original provinces of 1867; capital, Halifax; population, 645,000 (estimated). The oldest armorial bearing in the British Dominions, dating from 1625.



YUKON TERRITORY.

Not yet a province, but a separate political unit, with its seat of government at Dawson; population, 8641 (estimated). In 1901 its population was 27,219.

(Continued.)

foundland are a little later, being also granted by Charles I., in 1637, the supporters being "Two savages of the clime armed and apparelled according to their guise when they go to war."

(Right.)

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Joined Canada and became a province in 1949; capital, St. John's; population, 350,000 (estimated). Discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and granted arms in 1637, the motto meaning: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."



THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA: LEADING FIGURES IN THE DOMINION.



TO ENTERTAIN THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, ON OCTOBER 3: THE VISCOUNTESS ALEXANDER OF TUNIS.



HOST TO THE ROYAL COUPLE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA: H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT ALEXANDER OF TUNIS.



TO GREET THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN CANADA ON OCTOBER 2: MR. L. S. ST. LAURENT, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.



TO WELCOME THE ROYAL VISITORS WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT OTTAWA ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 3: MRS. L. S. ST. LAURENT, WIFE OF THE PREMIER.

T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive in Canada on the morning of October 2. H.E. the Governor-General and C-in-C. of the Dominion, Field Marshal the Viscount Alexander of Tunis, one of our greatest military commanders in World War II., and Mr. L. S. St. Laurent, the Prime Minister, had originally arranged to greet them in the *Empress of France*, and then return to Ottawa, seat of the Federal Government and capital

of the Dominion. The Royal pair, after fulfilling engagements in Quebec, will entrain that evening for Ottawa and on arrival on October 3 will be greeted by the Governor-General and Lady Alexander and the Premier and Mrs. St. Laurent and the Acting Mayor. They have a heavy programme to carry out in Ottawa. Their engagements include a State Dinner at Government House. At this the Princess will make a speech which is to be broadcast.

Photographs by Karsh of Ottawa, except that of Mrs. St. Laurent, by H. L. McDonald.



WHEN I was writing, for our issue of August 11, about an exhibition of the work of some of the eighteenth-century cabinet-makers who served

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE FRENCH EMPIRE STYLE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

still uncertain as to the wood. "It is not cherry, it might be pear, it might be apple. Fig. 2 is mahogany, Fig. 3 either beech or fruit-wood, Fig. 4 mahogany." The use of fruit-wood to this extent—that is, for whole frames and not merely for veneers for use as inlays—is perhaps a sign of the times. Anyway, I believe that is the usual theory, because the war began what the Napoleonic economic policy continued—the strangling of imports—and cabinet-makers were compelled to depend more and more upon native woods. You will note that the feet are paw feet, and the shells just above the arms are as classical as anything found at Pompeii.

Fig. 2 is apparently a puzzle to all comers—it is one of a pair, made from "a rather odd,

certain four-square lack of liveliness (very marked, this, in comparison with Figs. 3 and 4), and the flower pattern on the back. Prejudice on my part? Very likely, but look again, and see whether the other three have not more gracious lines. Eagles' heads and claws were common enough on English furniture in the mid-eighteenth century; I have a considerable affection for the lugubrious vultures of Fig. 4—they look just sad and, unlike these creatures in the flesh, not in the least revolting.

One more point in both Figs. 2 and 3, the curved supports to the arms. This is a feature which I do not think is ever seen in chairs made before the Revolution, but you often find it during the next fifty years. Much of the grace inherent in Figs. 3 and 4 is due to the way in which the arms slope downwards from the upper part of the back, instead of being attached half-way down. It is a pretty trick and somehow lightens the whole design. When you come across chairs with a similar rake and balance made on this side of the Channel, you will probably have them described to you as "Trafalgar chairs," which



FIG. 1. DECORATED WITH SPHINX HEADS: A CHAIR RECALLING NAPOLEON'S EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN. The decoration of this French Empire chair, one of a set of four of fruit-wood, recalls Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. There are many similar pieces in the French National collections.



FIG. 2. "APPARENTLY A PUZZLE TO ALL COMERS": A FRENCH EMPIRE CHAIR, ONE OF A PAIR.

This piece is "apparently a puzzle to all comers—it is one of a pair made from 'a rather odd, open-grained mahogany which is very brittle.'" An arrow marks the trace of a break in the arm.

the French Court, naturally enough I found myself thinking not only of their astonishing achievements in a luxurious age in which time and money were apparently of no consequence, but of what came afterwards as a result of war and revolution while the national economy slowly adapted itself to an unaccustomed austerity.

For a while there was little enough to which a good craftsman could turn his hand, but in due course the Government, first of the Directory, and then of Napoleon, found it necessary to give what encouragement was possible to the arts in an attempt to re-start manufactures. Some people affect to sneer at these rather self-conscious official attempts to popularise a style which is deliberately rigid and rectangular and designed to mark a complete break-away from a past which was pleasant enough for the fortunate but extremely uncomfortable for the average man.

While many in England convinced themselves that nothing worth looking at was made after about 1790, others, with a more sensitive appreciation of the temper and ideals of the First Empire, acquired some extremely nice pieces at a time when such things could be picked up fairly easily. Now, you don't find examples of this sort of furniture round every street corner in England and, for the moment, I was puzzled as to where I could find suitable illustrations without making myself the expensive present of a week-end in Paris. Then I remembered long ago—twenty years, at least—seeing some very nice chairs and cabinets in a London house, and talking to the owner about them. To my surprise, the photographs taken then had survived the war; what about the pieces themselves? I wrote to the owner, then Gerald Kelly, A.R.A., and now Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., and found that they were intact and were still among the most honoured of his household gods.

Fig. 1 is one of a set of four and, if you are given to such fancies, proves that Napoleon's Egyptian expedition did, in fact, take place and was reflected in contemporary fashions. People were used to classical lions (see Figs. 2 and 3) and birds (Fig. 4), and wanted something new—and what better than something vaguely Egyptian? There are many such chairs to be seen—not identical, but similar—in the French national collections, and I dare say a multitude of tourists will recollect one at least, though this has padded arms, which occupies a prominent position in the Empress Josephine's Music-room at Malmaison.

Sir Gerald tells me that he has had these chairs examined by a very competent cabinet-maker, but is

open-grained mahogany which is very brittle. There is a trace of breaks in both arms of each of the chairs at the point indicated by the arrow." If I may be allowed a guess, I would suggest that this chair is rather later than the others. Reason: a



FIG. 3. CARRIED OUT IN BEECH OR FRUIT-WOOD: A FRENCH EMPIRE CHAIR DECORATED WITH LION MASKS. The use of fruit-woods for whole frames is believed to have been the result of the Napoleonic policy of strangling imports, which caused the cabinet-makers to depend on native woods.



FIG. 4. ADORNED WITH "LUGUBRIOUS VULTURES": A FRENCH EMPIRE CHAIR IN MAHOGANY. Frank Davis feels "a considerable affection for the lugubrious vultures . . . they look just sad, and unlike these creatures in the flesh, not in the least revolting."



FIG. 5. THE EMPIRE STYLE *à l'excelsis*: A MAHOGANY CABINET WITH GILT BRONZE MOUNTS.

"This commode, signed Maigret, is a splendid example of the austere style which marks the reaction against the pretty curves and inlays and delicious extravagances of the preceding generation." Illustrations of furniture by courtesy of Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.

is a convenient and romantic trade term for anything of this general character made at the beginning of the century.

The commode of Fig. 5, signed Maigret, is a splendid example of the austere style which marks the reaction against the pretty curves and inlays and delicious extravagances of the preceding generation. Here is beautifully grained mahogany emphasised by crisp, gilded bronze (ormolu) and, make no mistake about it—however noticeable the rectangular simplicity of the design—there was no skimping in the quality of the wood, and they were fine craftsmen, with a genuine respect for their materials, who devised and put together cabinets of this magisterial dignity. Nor, I suggest, can the most pernicky admirer of the earlier tradition find fault with the workmanship of the gilded bronze ornaments. Their details cannot be shown clearly in this kind of photograph, but there is nothing slipshod about their manufacture: edges are as sharp and crisp as they were a generation earlier. The age of purely mechanical production had not yet begun.

I mention at the beginning of this note how the Government did what it could to encourage industry. In this year of exhibitions it is worth noting that the first public exhibition of the products of French industry was held in 1798 on the Champ de Mars, in a series of arcades *à la Grecque* designed by that masterful and unlovable character, David. That, of course, was under the Directory. Then came two others, in 1801 and 1802, under the Consulate, in the great court of the Louvre. The fourth was in 1806, on the Esplanade of the Invalides, with tapestries of the Imperial manufactory hung over the doors.

Then came the wars and the fall of Napoleon, and it was not until 1819 that it was possible to recommence the series. A long way indeed from the Champ de Mars in 1798 to the South Bank in 1951—let us give those harassed politicians of the Directory credit for originality.



THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE EN GRANDE TENUE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH,
IN EVENING DRESS, WEARING MAGNIFICENT DIAMONDS.

Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to sail from Liverpool for their tour of Canada in the *Empress of France* on September 25. They should reach Quebec on October 2, and Ottawa on the following day. After spending two days in Ottawa they will visit every provincial capital between Ontario and British Columbia, and their programme also allows for visits to many important intermediary places before they return eastward to Montreal prior to

travelling by air to Washington, D.C. On returning from the United States, the Royal couple will visit the Maritime Provinces and will embark in the *Empress of Canada* at St. John's for home. The two railway coaches normally used by the Governor-General have been placed at their disposal and will be used for transport and also as living quarters during much of the tour. Some journeys will be made in ships of the Royal Canadian Navy and in aircraft of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Colour portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.



A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH HER CONSORT, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND THEIR CHILDREN, PRINCE CHARLES, BORN ON NOVEMBER 14, 1948, AND PRINCESS ANNE, BORN ON AUGUST 15, 1950.

Colour portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS A HAPPY MOTHER: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH PRINCESS ANNE, WHO WAS BORN ON AUGUST 15, 1950.

Colour portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PIP-PLANTING—AND "PERPETUA."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

NEARLY a fortnight ago I noticed a very small rose-bush growing in a mixed flower-bed in my garden. I had quite forgotten its

existence, and should have passed it by had it not been carrying a solitary and shapely, half-open blossom, which looked strangely large for such a tiny bush. It was less than a foot high. I gathered my rose and put it in a small vase on the Lazy Lizzie roundabout on our dining-room table, where it has been under close observation ever since. It was only when I saw this small rose-bush advertising its presence so gaily and emphatically that I remembered its existence and its origin. It was the result of a long-standing hobby of mine—the game of pip-planting. It's a game that I can strongly recommend to all gardeners. My little rose is a home-raised seedling, from a seed taken from a rose-hip which I gathered a year or two ago. Doubtless I labelled the seed when I sowed it, with the name of the parent variety it came from, and the date. But somehow the label got lost, or obliterated, and the baby rose-bush, parent unknown, got planted out in the border to take its chance and prove itself. All very casual, promiscuous and unmethodical. But what care I! It's my own special rose, the only one of its exact kind in existence, without name and without pedigree. Best of all, it's a rose that no professional rose-grower would look at twice. The flower is only semi-double. Moreover, most amateur rosarians would reject it, for it is scentless. In this matter it might be worse, for a flower, like a woman, who uses the wrong perfume, is intolerable, though roses, at any rate, seldom go astray with their scents.

The fully-expanded blossom is just 3 ins. across. Its colour a pleasant, light carmine. What its eventual habit will be it is impossible to predict. It may develop into a big, hearty bush, or it may remain a pigmy. It may be a one-crop variety; or it may be perpetual flowering. But, whatever happens, it's a pleasing flower to look at, both in the half-bud stage and when fully open, and as a cut blossom in water it has an amazingly long life—close on a fortnight, and still going strong! For this reason—and for another—I have christened my seedling rose "Perpetua." The other reason is that a friend whose name is Perpetua has been staying here, and—well—it seems fitting. "Perpetua"—the rose—will probably never set the R.H.S. or the National Rose Society on fire, nor is it likely to stray far from this garden, unless visiting friends take a fancy to it, and care to carry off cuttings.

Sowing seeds taken from the hips which garden roses so often produce is a hobby in which few seem to indulge. Yet it is very simple, and a most interesting gamble. One can gather a few hips when they have turned yellow or red, which is a sign that the hard, woody seeds inside are ripe. They may be harvested from any variety that takes one's fancy, and the seeds may be sown in a pot. When large enough, the seedlings should be planted out in a trial bed or any convenient place in the garden, and there grown on until they flower. The chances of raising an epoch-making new rose are small, but the chances of raising a worthless rose—if such a thing exists—are smaller still. It may, of course, be so hatefully gay and gaudy as to be a potential best-seller, and so worth a lot—to someone—or it may turn out a single of perfect charm and beauty and, being your own home-raised seedling, it will probably endear itself to you as the most expensive new Gold Medal

rose could never do and—oh blessed attribute!—it can never plague you with briar or other suckers as bought, grafted roses are apt to plague one.

But raising roses from seed is only one branch of the pip-planting cult. One can raise fruit-trees—apples, pears, plums, peaches, gooseberries or apricots. Some years ago I was given a lot of ripe peaches, gathered from a tree of the beautiful, semi-double peach "Clara Meyer." I ate the peaches, which were excellent, and planted the stones. To-day I have five fine, bushy peach-trees, taller than myself,

waste of time, and that not one in ten thousand of such seedlings is worth keeping. Yet many times I have read accounts in those same garden papers, of peach-trees raised from stones sown by amateurs, grown in open bush formation, away from any wall, and bearing huge crops of first-rate peaches. Some of these accounts have been accompanied by photographs of the trees in fruit.

A year or two ago, I bought a few pounds of apples, unnamed, in the shop, from a huge consignment which had been sent as a free gift to the British people by Canada. Our Government sold them to us. They were greenish in colour, juicy, sweet and exceptionally well flavoured. I sowed the pips from one of these apples in a pot, and now have a natty little grove of youngsters labelled "Apple Gratitude," not in token of gratitude by Our Rulers for the spot of free money that came to them, but of my own personal gratitude to the great Dominion for their generous gift. What matter if one's seedling apple-tree does not turn out a super "Cox" or "Ribston," or even the equal of its parent? What matter if the fruit prove too acid or bitter even for making crab-apple jelly? In that unlikely extremity, is not an apple-tree in flower one of the loveliest things in all the garden, and what better host-support could one have for a clematis to ramble over?

In my garden at Stevenage I had a 15-ft. pear-tree which I had raised from a pip. The pears that it bore were worthless, but it was a pleasant sight in flower. When I left and came to the Cotswolds, I cut this pear-tree down, knowing full well that if I didn't, my successor would do so the first time he sampled the fruit. The top hamper I left behind for firewood, but I had the great bole grubbed

up, and having sawn off the roots short, brought it with me. It is about 18 ins. in diameter. Some day I hope to find time to carve and shape it into a shallow bowl, preserving its natural contours as far as possible. I shall use it as a gigantic ash-tray, to sit in the open fireplace during the summer months when there is no log fire to throw dead matches into. From my armchair, three yards away, it should be a reasonably easy target. No need for waste even with the most turnip-fruited seedling pear-tree.

Almost all our finest fruit-trees, apples, pears, plums, etc., are of mixed or hybrid parentage, so that a seedling apple-tree raised from a pip taken from a "Cox" or a "Ribston Pippin" is unlikely to produce a true "Cox" or "Ribston" over again. You may get inferior, or you may get superior fruit. After all, many of our finest varieties of apples were raised as single specimens from pips taken from apples which specially pleased their raisers. "Ribston Pippin" is an outstanding example of this sort of thing. It was raised from a pip taken from an apple eaten in France.

Pip-planting is a long-term hobby. You may have to wait anything from five to seven or eight years for results. But don't let that worry you. It is not necessary to watch and tend and cosset your seedlings day and night all those years. Just sow your pips or stones in a fair-sized pot, and plant out the seedlings a year or two later. Having planted them, forget about them, within reason, and, of course, without sheer neglect, as I forgot Rose "Perpetua." In the fullness of time they will flower and fruit—the culmination of your long-term gamble. At the worst, you may have produced only a beautiful flowering tree or, at the very worst, material for a bonfire, and personally I'd rather make a bonfire than go to a party any day of the week.



AN "OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE" OF ALMOST CASUAL PIP-PLANTING: THE "RIBSTON PIPPIN" APPLE, FROM A COLOURED PLATE IN "THE HEREFORDSHIRE POMONA" (1881).

The original "Ribston Pippin" is believed to have originated in this way. In 1709 several pips from an apple growing in Normandy were sent to Sir Henry Goodricke, who planted them in the park at Ribston Hall, near Knaresborough, Yorks, on the banks of the River Nidd. One pip prospered and became the original "Ribston Pippin" tree. It stood until 1810, when it was blown down by a gale. It was propped up in a horizontal position (as shown in the other illustration) and continued to bear fruit until 1840. Then the old wood was cleared away, but one of the roots produced a fine sucker, and from this grew the tree which, in 1881, was still producing fruit and a regular crop of suckers. Thousands of trees have, of course, been propagated from this tree, and its superb fruit is well known. Its flesh was described by "The Herefordshire Pomona," in words which themselves positively promote salivation, as "yellow, crisp, rich and sugary and charged with a powerful aromatic flavour."



"HONOUR'D AGE."

"HONOUR'D AGE": THE LAST REMNANT OF THE ORIGINAL "RIBSTON PIPPIN" TREE, RIBSTON HALL, KNARESBOROUGH, AS IT APPEARED BETWEEN 1810 AND 1840. REPRODUCED FROM A CUT IN "THE HEREFORDSHIRE POMONA" (1881).

planted out in my garden. All of them are exact replicas of their parent, and when in flower are perhaps the most beautiful flowering trees of their season, and I have every hope of a crop of fruit when the next favourable spring turns up. I have, too, three half-standard "Clara Meyer" peaches. They are fruiting this year. But being grafted trees, they are for ever sending up suckers—which my seedling peaches never do. I wish now that I had sown a number of peach-stones from some of the recognised fruiting varieties, such as "Duke of York," "Peregrine," or "Hale's Early," for good peaches breed far more truly to type than the experts would have us believe. Time after time I have read replies in "Answers to Correspondents" in the gardening press, telling amateurs that raising fruit-trees—apples, pears, peaches and the rest—from pips and stones, is



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT was at Chessington Zoo. Two leopards were crouched on the floor of their cage, facing the bars, their tails towards the wall at the back. Along this wall, about 6 ins. up from the floor of the cage, ran a pipe—whether electric conduit or water-pipe, I do not know. What caught my eye was that each leopard had pushed the end of its tail between the pipe and the wall, and in each case the tip of the tail was wrapped round the pipe. The animals lay quiescent, but the tips of their tails were moving very gently, giving the impression of sensitive fingers feeling the texture of the pipe, gauging its diameter, or what you will.

Continuing round the Zoo, I looked particularly at the tips of the tails of the lions, the tigers and the pumas. There was not in any case the striking appearance of sensitivity seen in the leopards, but there was the impression that the tail for some 6 ins. to a foot from the end was sensitive, possibly highly so, for in each case it was more or less constantly on the move, as if searching for something, even while the rest of the body was static. The leopards' tails, twined lovingly around the slender pipe and appearing to be idly investigating its surface and texture, recalled the very old query, why a cat (big or small) lashes its tail in anger or prior to an attack. It has been my good fortune never to have to face a lion, tiger or leopard except through substantial iron bars. The accounts, written or verbal, of those that have had this adventure all suggest that our domestic cat does not differ radically from the big cats in this aspect of its behaviour. So, presumably, the domestic cat offers a safe field of investigation from which to argue by analogy.

The usual explanation offered for the lashing of the feline tail when about to spring is that the movement of the tail catches the eye of the victim and distracts its attention—arouses its curiosity, presumably—and takes its eye off the main danger. To my mind, this argument is far too facile. In the first place, the prey of the big cats is found mainly among the ungulates, and these rely on their keen sense of smell, or on hearing, rather than on their undoubtedly indifferent eyesight. Where scent conveys the warning of danger at hand, no amount of tail-wagging will obscure this, unless we go to the preposterous lengths of assuming that it sets up air-currents that diffuse the attacker's scent, so bewildering the victim as to the quarter from which the attack should be expected.

We must all, at some time or another, have seen a cat stalking a blackbird in the garden. On such occasions, the bird, which depends on sight, flies off screaming: its alarm note the moment it sees the cat or any part of it, head, tail or body. If the blackbird has young ones, it will, as likely as not, "dive-bomb" the cat fearlessly. What is more, it will dive-bomb the motionless head of the cat, not the twitching, harmless tail.

After watching the sensitive movements of the domestic cat, under a variety of circumstances, it is tempting to suggest that the tail represents an auxiliary sense-receptor, perhaps capable, as the human hands are believed to be, of appreciating vibrations through space. In other words, in all cats, big or small, with the main senses located in the head and directed for the most part forward, the tail has some sensory function as yet unexplored. It is not here forgotten, of course, that the ears can be partially directed backwards to pick up sounds from behind, and in cats are constantly being moved round for this purpose. There is, however, another point to be considered. Not only are the last few inches of the tail of a domestic

LEOPARDS IN ZOOS, AND IN THE WILD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.



IN THE WILD: A LEOPARD IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK.

Leopards are, in some parts of their Range, officially branded as vermin, although the deer, monkeys and wild pigs upon which they prey frequently ravage cultivated crops, and where leopards are killed off these increase sufficiently to be a menace to local agriculture. Leopards are large enough, however, to be a menace to human beings, and man-killing leopards, although infrequent, are apt to terrorise the countryside, largely because of the difficulty of tracking them down, and one famous man-killer is said to have accounted for 200 human lives over the two years prior to its being caught and despatched. Against such a reputation it would be vain to argue with those living in leopard country that they have a value in keeping down the number of dogs and baboons.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of South African Railways.



OVERSHADOWED BY THE LARGER CATS, THE LIONS AND TIGERS, BOTH IN ZOOS AND IN BOOKS, BUT MORE NUMEROUS AND MORE WIDELY SPREAD THAN EITHER OF THEM: THE LEOPARD, WHICH IS FOUND IN SOUTHERN ASIA AND IN SOUTHERN AFRICA, AND IS UP TO 7 FT. LONG, INCLUDING THE TAIL, AND WEIGHS UP TO 150 LB.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

cat fairly constantly on the move, but this movement increases markedly with its anticipation of being fed from a plate—when there is no preparation for attack or sight of a victim to stir its emotions.

The movement of the feline tail, in other words, seems to be slight (or still) under normal conditions of non-purposive activity, more pronounced when about to be fed, and when the animal is content, and vigorous in moments of anger or in preparation for attack. The movement could be an emotional reflex, but the greater likelihood is that it constitutes a releaser activity arising from the stimulation of the senses linked with inhibition or partial inhibition of muscular activity. This is the sort of thing we see in young children learning to write, where the tongue moves in unison with the fingers holding the pen. The comparison is, perhaps, not an exact one, but has the advantage of being one familiar to us. In zoological circles many other examples of releaser activities are known, and they are more pronouncedly associated with parts of the body having a higher sensitivity.

Much of this is, of course, pure theory, and it is always dangerous to theorise on slender evidence.

So far as I can find out, however, there is no stronger evidence to go upon, even after a fairly wide search of the literature. It is true that the scientific method demands that agreement should be sought between deduction, or induction, and the results of experiment. But who has the opportunity, or temerity, to experiment with a leopard's tail! On the other hand, we are justified in arguing from observations or experiments on the tail of a domestic cat, since a leopard is, on all counts, more cat-like than the larger beasts, the lions and tigers. And one does not need laboratory equipment, vivisection, or any form of drastic treatment or near-cruelty, to find out quite a lot about the degree of sensitivity in a cat's tail.

The cat-like quality of leopards is seen first of all in their choice of habitat. They are at home in the forest, the bush, the scrub, on the rocky hillsides and, in fact, in almost any country where cover is available. Then, again, they differ from the larger cats in preying upon a great variety of small game, such as porcupines, pigs, monkeys, deer—and the young of domestic livestock. They are, incidentally, particularly fond of dogs and, as one writer put it, in leopard country the small dog has a poor expectation of life. It seems that leopards have been known to enter bungalows for the sole purpose of carrying away a dog.

Like the domestic cat, they are very adaptable. They are amazingly powerful for their size, and a leopard has been known to drag a carcass heavier than itself up a tree to keep it away from jackals and hyenas. Their ability as climbers is a marked feature, and although it is not equal to that of monkeys, on which they prey, it is sufficient to enable a leopard to scare the monkeys out of the tree-tops to the ground, where they are easily caught. Like the smaller cats, it combines an extreme wariness with keen senses and an ability to hide almost anywhere, which make it a very troublesome animal to track down and kill.

It is possible that the views put forward here about the sensitivity of the tails of cats, large and small, are quite erroneous. But I am becoming more and more convinced that sensory receptiveness is distributed generally over the bodies of animals, as auxiliary to the five orthodox senses, and that, so far as mammals are concerned, hair or fur not only serves to clothe the body, but may contribute more than we normally suspect to the animals' sensory equipment.

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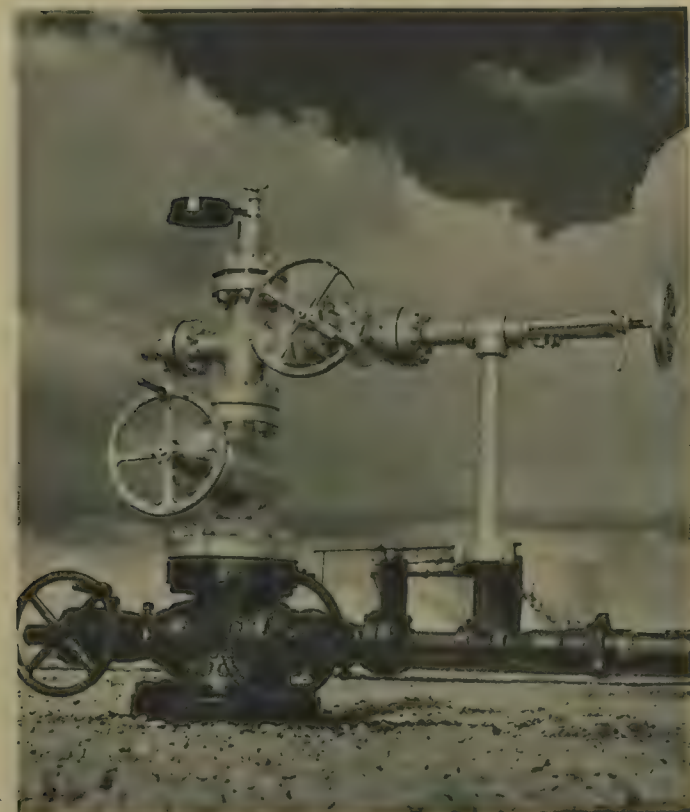
THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: A SCHEDULED VISIT TO AN ALBERTAN OILFIELD.



WHERE A NEW ERA OF CANADIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT WAS USHERED IN FOUR YEARS AGO: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE LEDUC OILFIELDS AREA.



OIL AND GRAIN: A DRILLING DERRICK IN THE HEART OF THE ALBERTAN WHEATLANDS, WHERE THE DISCOVERY OF OIL IN 1947 HAS BROUGHT PROSPERITY TO THE PROVINCE.



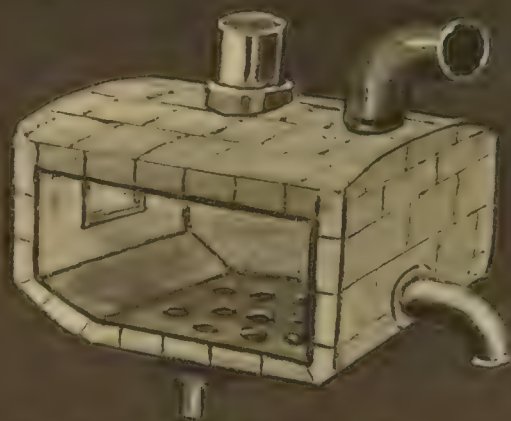
A "CHRISTMAS TREE" OF THE ALBERTAN PRAIRIE: AN OIL-WELL CONTROL HEAD—AN INCONSPICUOUS SIGN THAT LIQUID WEALTH FLOWS BELOW.
Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Alberta Government.

(ABOVE.) STRETCHING 1150 MILES FROM EDMONTON TO SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN, AT THE HEAD OF THE GREAT LAKES: AN OIL PIPELINE BEING LAID ACROSS THE PRAIRIES OF WESTERN CANADA.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive at Edmonton on October 20 during their tour of Canada, and will leave on the following day by air for Saskatoon. During their visit to Alberta's provincial capital, their Royal Highnesses have arranged to inspect one of the neighbouring oilfields, probably in the Leduc area, where four years ago the striking of oil ushered in a new era of Canadian economic development. To-day, Alberta is producing 40 per cent. of Canada's oil needs, whereas formerly Canada imported 92 per cent. of her oil requirements, and there is every prospect that the country may soon become self-sufficient. There has been little interference with farming activity, for the drillers use portable steel derricks and the oil is drawn off by underground pipelines, in some cases making a journey of 1150 miles along the pipeline laid from Edmonton to Superior, Wisconsin, at the head of the Great Lakes, where it is shipped by tanker to refineries at Sarnia, Ontario.



WHERE THE OIL, AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE GATHERING SYSTEM, IS COLLECTED AND STORED: AN ALBERTAN TANK FARM SUCH AS THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES MAY VISIT.



DR. DIEHL'S EXPERIMENTAL SLAG FURNACE IN WHICH HE PRODUCED 60 LB. OF SULPHUR-DIOXIDE FROM 2½ TONS OF SLAG.



MOLTEN SLAG ENTRY.

A SLAG FURNACE ON THE DIEHL SYSTEM IN WHICH AIR IS FORCED AT HIGH PRESSURE THROUGH THE MOLTEN SLAG AND IS CONVERTED INTO SULPHUR-DIOXIDE GAS.

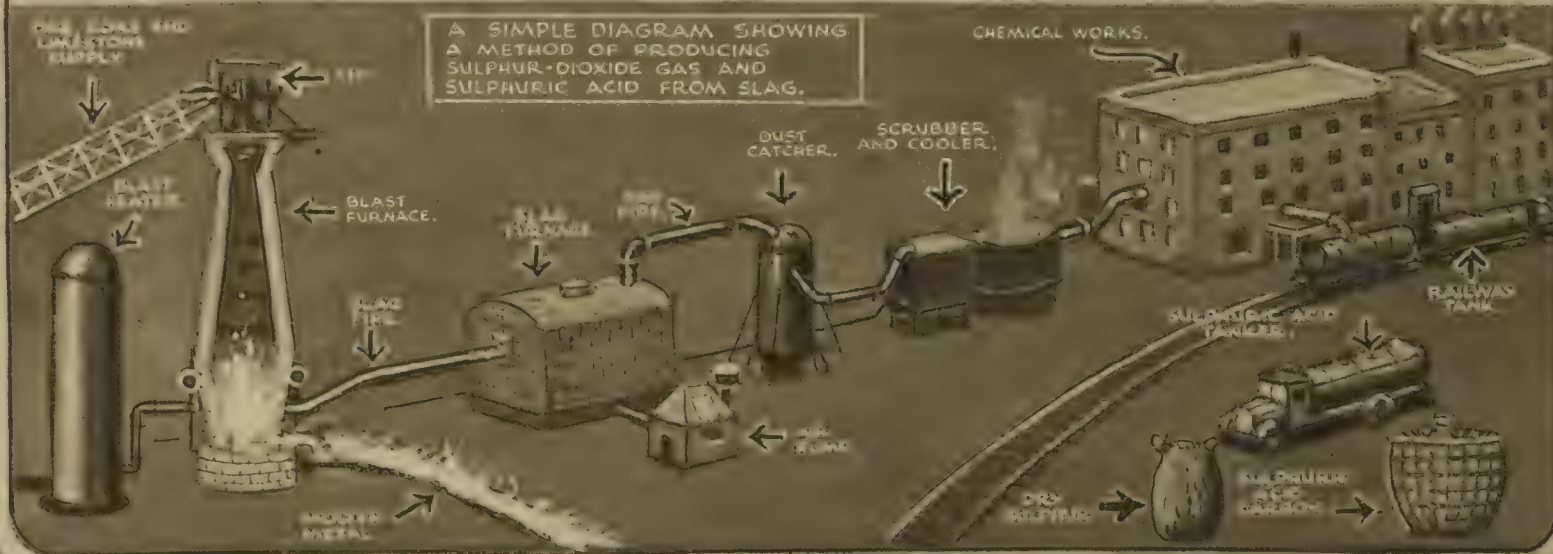


MOLTEN SLAG PASSING TO THE SLAG DUMP.

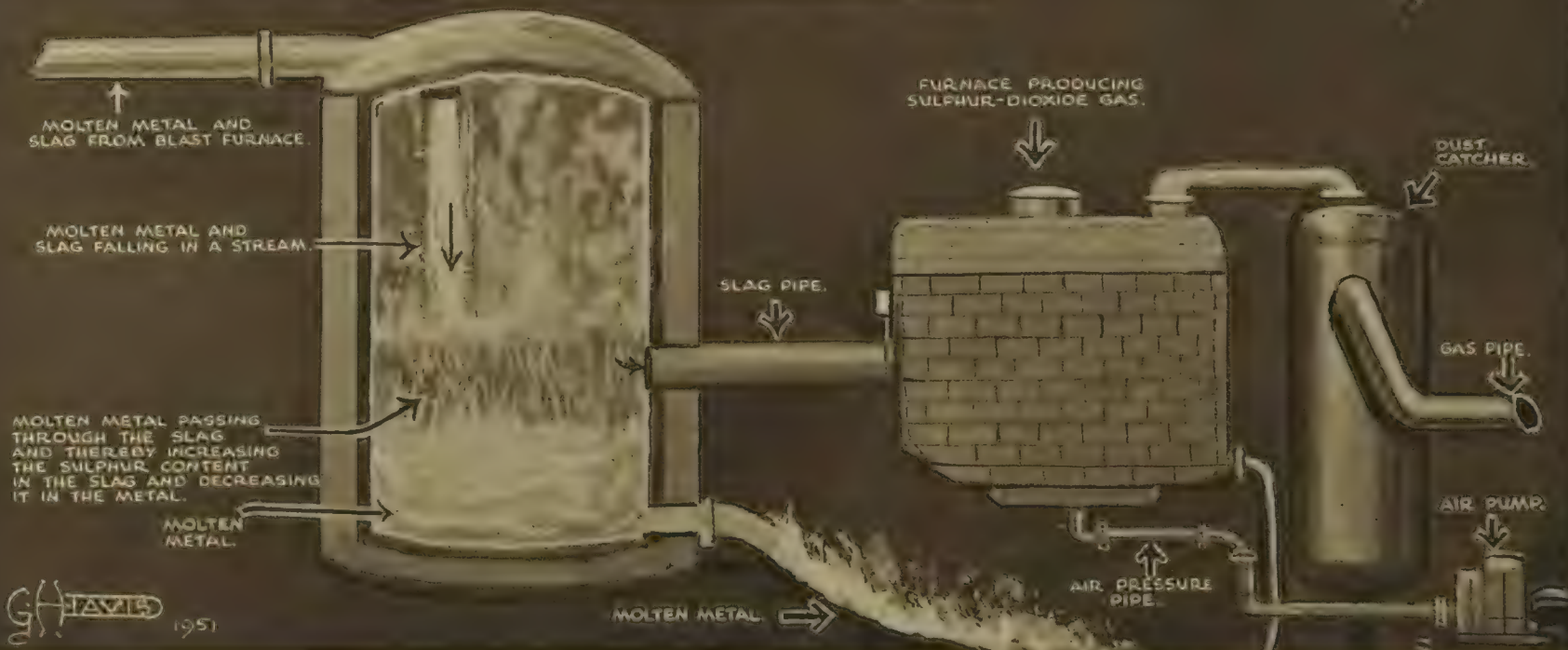
HIGH PRESSURE AIR PIPE.

THREE-QUARTERS OF THE WORLD'S SULPHUR IS USED IN THE FORM OF SULPHURIC ACID.

AT PRESENT 7,000,000 TONS OF BLAST FURNACE SLAG ARE PRODUCED ANNUALLY IN BRITAIN AND FROM THIS, IT IS SUGGESTED, OVER 100,000 TONS OF SULPHURIC ACID COULD BE PRODUCED.



AN IMPROVED SULPHUR RECOVERY METHOD BY WHICH THE SULPHUR CONTENT IS REDUCED IN THE MOLTEN METAL AND INCREASED IN THE SLAG.



SLAG AS A POTENTIAL SOURCE OF SULPHUR: SOME METHODS OF EXTRACTION DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

The present world scarcity of sulphur has intensified the search for new sources of supply, and Dr. F. D. Richardson, head of the Nuffield Research Group in Extraction of Metallurgy, stated recently that it might become practicable to recover the sulphur present in molten slag by blowing air or oxygen through it. Although only 1 to 2 per cent. was present, it was readily evolved as sulphur dioxide which could be used for the production of sulphuric acid. The 7,000,000 tons of blast-furnace slag made annually in Britain were thus a potential source of 100,000 tons of sulphur a year. We illustrate on this page Dr. Diehl's experimental slag furnace, which was made when Germany was very short of sulphur during the war, and is on the lines of the method suggested by Dr. Richardson. This

latter method, which is also illustrated, would involve very little alteration to present equipment. The sulphur content in molten metal is not wanted by the steel-makers, and if it could be removed the steel would be improved. On the lower part of this page we show this even more practical method of sulphur recovery whereby the sulphur content could be reduced in the molten metal and increased in the slag. Instead of a possible 100,000 tons of sulphuric acid being produced from 7,000,000 tons of slag, the potential yield might be increased threefold. Experiments to find a biochemical answer to the sulphur shortage are now being carried out and it is hoped that a method may be found of using bacteria to fix sulphur on a large scale.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF DR. F. D. RICHARDSON, HEAD OF THE NUFFIELD RESEARCH GROUP IN EXTRACTION OF METALLURGY.

SEEKING AND FINDING THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON:

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE NINOCOCHA, IN WHICH THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST RIVER RISES.

By **BERTRAND FLORNOY** (President of the Society of French Explorers and Travellers and the leader of the French Expeditions to the Amazon in 1936-7, 1941-2 and 1947-50).

Illustrated with photographs by **M. FLORNOY**.

THE Cordillera of the Andes, that gigantic mass of earth and rocks extending from the Straits of Magellan to the Caribbean Sea, is a world which, although it possesses great unity, nevertheless reveals the most divergent aspects; a series of basins lying in steps on each of its flanks, plateaux of desert character, lakes spreading under the sky between high precipices, extinct volcanoes with rounded summits, other volcanoes, not yet extinct, smoking like chimneys, steppes covered with thorny scrub, narrow gorges whose colours reveal the presence of a great variety of mineral wealth, and, finally, rising from the plateaux, summits extending upwards through the gneiss and eroded schists, with glaciers and that enchanted fairyland of snow which the Incas called Rintinsuyu—the white road; such is the Cordillera of the Andes.

Throughout the centuries of the pre-Columbian age, the Andes offered the only refuge and the only true chance of progress to the peoples of South America. The civilisations which arose there attained a high degree of evolution, with a knowledge of metallurgy and, under the Empire of the Incas, the putting into practice of a system of economic planning which was the ancestor of present-day socialism.

The study of the history of the Andean peoples leads us to seek for their main migration routes. It has been said that the serpents engraved in symmetrical order on the stone discovered by G. Hurley at Chavin in 1840, and which is thousands of years old, show the network of the Amazon River. Is it a representation of the Amazon god? The recent discoveries of Dr. Valcarcel and of the archaeologist Tello, as well as our own discoveries made in the course of our expeditions, tend to prove that the Amazon served as a means of access, and that along it the inhabitants of the Andes maintained communications with the outside world.

The source of the Amazon is the subject of discussion even to-day. The Peruvians believe that the river has its inception at the confluence of two rivers, the Marañon and the Ucayali: we Europeans, who seek unity in all things, believe that a river must have its own source. Although it is shorter, the Marañon must be regarded as the commencement of the Amazon, because it carries a greater volume of water than the Ucayali. The first explorers sometimes gave the name Marañon to the whole course of the river, and since La Condamine we have got into the habit of giving the name Amazon to the river which rises in the Huayhuash Cordillera to the north of the town of Cerro de Pasco, near latitude 10 deg. south, in Peru.

In 1941, when our second expedition, which consisted of Jean de Guebriant, Fred Matter and myself, made its way along the mule tracks towards the western gap in that cordillera, we carried amongst our baggage a sketch made in 1927 by the geographer Miller, and this we accepted as definitive. Until that time, Lake Lauricocha, lying at an altitude of 12,467 ft., had been accepted by every atlas as the source of the river. Miller, arguing from information furnished by a number of Peruvian travellers, had placed the region of the source 15½ miles to the south-east and had revealed the existence of a series of seven lakes, the first of which, the Santa Ana, lying at an altitude of 15,420 ft., he considered to be the source of the Amazon.

We saw Lauricocha for the first time when we were making our way down from the high plateau of

Condorbamba. It was towards the end of the afternoon; the lake, lying at the foot of bare slopes, was sombre, and despite the wind, free from ripples. Through the reeds and the foundations of a stone bridge built by the Incas, it drained away towards a narrow gorge. From the eastern end of the lake stretches a pampa, and on this level ground stands a farm consisting of four single-storey straw-thatched buildings which stand facing each other. A family of young mining engineers was living there with a few peons, a couple of pigs and a dozen dogs for company. That first evening they gave us a room, the same room to which I was to return, six years later, when I came back alone.

They said to us "*su casa*" (make yourselves at home), and they meant it. High amongst the summits, Peruvian hospitality remains intact.

We were seeking a guide and the man we found was a grandfather. We discovered him, to our great

Marañon) along the flank of the hill. Our Indian guide, glued to his mount, trotted ahead. The other muleteers respectfully called him "*tata*" (master). From his chin hung the seven hairs of wisdom, and to reach the source he led us by a route he knew. We followed the course of the Marañon and made our way up to one after the other of the lakes. Our Indian claimed that his route was the best and shortest; five leagues or five kilometres, he could not say exactly; but in any case it was one day's march to Lake Tincicocha, where we wanted to set up our first camp.

We passed over a col 15,420 ft. high between rivers of lava, and in that moment we left the blue skies to enter a storm which was raging above the valley. Beneath the boiling clouds, however, there was Tincicocha (Fig. 9), and that evening we put up our tents near the lake, 100 yards from a glacier which comes to rest on a beach of volcanic debris and limestone.

The next morning the sky was clear. To the north we could see the summit of Carnicero, which rises over 19,686 ft., whilst to the south rose the snow-covered crests of the Santa Ana Massif. After a quick breakfast, we set out in the direction of the Santa Ana lake. The only change in our attire was our riding-boots, which we had replaced by mountaineers' shoes.

We carried no ropes; even at altitudes reaching 16,404 ft. we had no intention of indulging in mountaineering.

The ascent of the Tincicocha was made along its right-hand bank as far as the cliff covered with esparto grass and mineral debris which guards the southern end. From there the way follows a sort of frozen crater as far as the rough slope which leads to the last lake but one, the Caballococha. Here we had to dispense with our horses, and although we had expected to find nothing in this desolate country, we came across a hut, and out of the rudimentary home came a man. His face might have been a copy of the anthropomorphic pottery figures of Cusco and his gaze might have reached us over several centuries. His body, as far as we could judge beneath his llama wool poncho and trousers, had the same twisted appearance as the shrubs of the paramo. His only sign of activity was to take coca-leaves from his "*chispa*" (a purse made of skin), rub them in his limestone calabash and place in his mouth the miraculous powder from which he extracts the organic substances of the coca-leaf which he needs to live and dream. We saw nothing of his wife but her head; one could believe her covered with layers of fabric, the most apparent of which were the corsage, the skirt, the fichu and the square which serves for carrying loads. The children hid themselves behind the ashes of the fire.

We set off again the next morning, when a steep slope brought us to the Santa Ana lake. Until the last moment the lake was hidden by the high line of a cliff covered with bristling vegetation when, suddenly, a polar landscape opened before our eyes.

Glaciers plunge headlong into water which is still grey, two imposing glaciers standing out clearly against the dark soil, which is undoubtedly rich in minerals. The whole of the left bank has the same appearance. On the right bank, where the sides of the

"bowl" are not so steep, coarse grass and a few alpine plants grow. We made a complete circuit of the lake: 984 yards long by 328 yards at its widest part, and lying in a direction south-west north-east. Towards the south, against a beach of scoria, we could see a sparkling line. After ten minutes' walk in that direction, we found it was a torrent rushing down the steep slope between boulders. The presence of the torrent added a new element to our journey: a promise of discovery.

We followed it back, jumping from one stone to another. At 15,748 ft. we found a first marshy level, with a small valley containing sparse vegetation. Ahead of us the torrent had dwindled to a cascade; and 164 ft. higher, at 15,912 ft., begins a moraine, shut in vertically by a glacier running south-west to north-east, which we had seen from Santa Ana.

(Continued overleaf.)



FIG. 1. THE STRIPLING AMAZON: THE MARAÑON RIVER, NOW PROVED TO BE THE SOURCE OF THE GREAT RIVER, PHOTOGRAPHED SOME 62 MILES FROM ITS ORIGIN IN THE WATERS OF LAKE NINOCOCHA. In the bed of its canyon, the river looks like a thin, shining ribbon. It is not navigable either by canoe or raft; and in order to follow its course, travellers are compelled to take the paths or tracks which run several hundred yards above the river.

surprise, in the little valley hanging between two heights, where he lives. His adobe-hut was as wrinkled as his face; he stood badly on his legs, but Andre Minaya, the farmer, said that he could sit his horse "like a saddle."

"Yes, but how far can we go with the horses?"

"Very high," the old man replied. We could get no more out of him, so we agreed on a very reasonable price and arranged to meet the next day. The people in the Cordillera, however, have not the same conception of time and distance as we have. The old guide arrived at the farm, astride his woebegone horse, three days later.

"It was the rain," he said in excuse, and smiled.

Later on our little caravan of mules and horses followed the course of a torrent known as the Yantac (which may be regarded as the first tributary of the

AT THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON: RUINS OF A PRE-INCA CIVILISATION.



FIG. 2. THE MOST REMARKABLE RUIN DISCOVERED BY THE FLORNOY EXPEDITION, IN THE UPPER MARAÑON, NOT FAR FROM THE SOURCES OF THE AMAZON: A PRE-INCA TEMPLE SITE, NOW CALLED PIRURU.



FIG. 3. RUINED RAMPARTS AND WATCH-TOWERS DISCOVERED BY M. FLORNOY IN THE UPPER MARAÑON VALLEY, PART OF A SYSTEM OF FORTS FROM WHICH THE INDIANS COMMUNICATED BY LIGHT SIGNALS.



FIG. 4. A PRE-INCA BUILDING, LATER USED BY THE INCAS AS A GRANARY. TRACES OF AN ORNAMENTAL MOTIF CAN BE SEEN ON THE WALLS.



FIG. 5. AN INDIAN OF THE HIGH CORDILLERA, NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON, WEARING THE CHARACTERISTIC PONCHO.

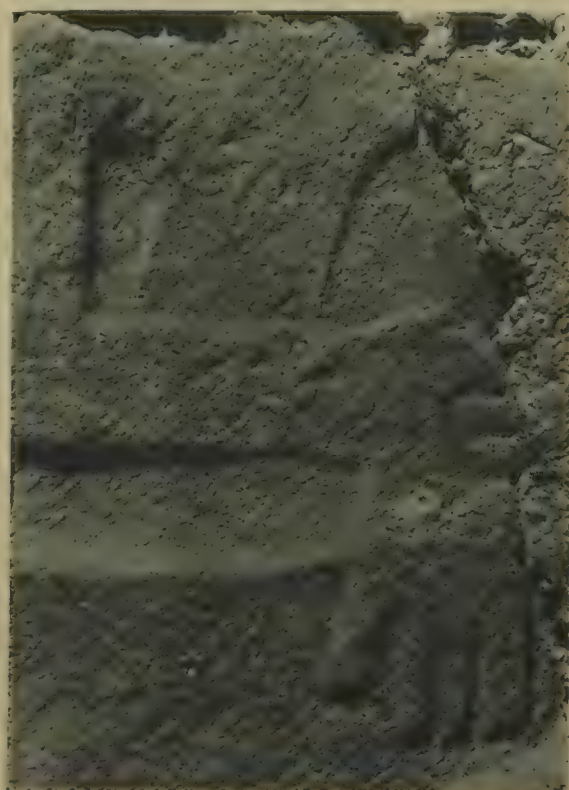


FIG. 6. A CARVING OF HANDS IN LOW RELIEF FOUND IN INCA RUINS ABOUT 155 MILES NORTH OF THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON.



FIG. 7. THE WELL-PRESERVED RUINS OF THE PRE-INCA TOWN OF GARO, WHICH DOMINATES THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER MARAÑON. SEE ALSO FIG. 8.



FIG. 8. AN AMAZINGLY WELL-PRESERVED HOUSE AMONG THE RUINS OF GARO. PROBABLY OVER 1000 YEARS OLD, IT HAS A TRAPEZOID DOORWAY.

Continued from page 495.

The glacier falls into a small circular lake about 110 yards in diameter (Fig. 10). Blocks of ice float, like swans, on the white water. The snow-covered banks, strewn with shingle, have the appearance of a cradle. Our guide spoke: "*Niño rincón*"—the infant's corner—he said, pointing to the bowl and, pointing to the lake, "*Niño cocha*"—the infant's lake. The Infant's Lake! We realised immediately that those words were more important than our

subsequent discoveries. Immediately the Indian pronounced them we became certain—we had reached the source. The Infant's Lake. The man who lived near it had given to the origin of the Amazon the most beautiful and the most simple name in the world. It is impossible to conceive of anything more solitary or more modest than its first foam. Our eyes never tired of looking at this brooklet, born with the help of the sun, setting out on its 2796-mile journey.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 9. NEARING THE SOURCE OF THE AMAZON: LOOKING DOWN ON LAKE TINCICOCHA, ONE OF THE STRING OF SEVEN LAKES LEADING UP TO THE SOURCE IN LAKE NINOCOCHA.



FIG. 10. THE "INFANT'S LAKE"—LAKE NINOCOCHA, FROM WHICH THE FIRST WATERS OF THE AMAZON FLOW FROM THE FOOT OF A GLACIER AT 15,912 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

THE SOURCE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST RIVER: THE AMAZON'S RISING IN A TINY GLACIER-FED LAKE AT 15,912 FT.

Continued.
Since then I have twice paid a visit to the source of the Amazon. The Infant's Lake has not changed, but the Santa Ana has been visited by young Peruvian engineers, who have set up a mining camp. Here, like everywhere else, the presence of men attracts other men, searching for wealth. On the occasion of my last visit, which took me from the source to 7 degs. latitude south, I discovered when making my way down the valley of the Upper Marañon (Fig. 1) complete monuments, fortresses and towns, some in a perfect state of preservation,

which prove that the region was once populated, long before the coming of the conquering Incas (Figs. 2-8). The people who lived in these high valleys had accomplished the long trek up the Amazon and they had left evidence of it on the rocks. At every stage of the route, at an altitude of 12,843 ft., the unity of the Amazonian world was confirmed: from the forest swamps to the glaciers, from the communal houses to the stone cities, the whole history of the Amazon is epitomised as an ascent towards the source. [Photographs by M. Bertrand Flornoy.]

The World of the Theatre.

"TAKE UP THE BODIES."

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN the curtain, with a kind of exhausted sigh, fell upon "Ten Men and a Miss," a little farce at the Aldwych (Ralph Lynn, long ago the spirit of this theatre, watched from the stalls), it was a



"A WILD PLAY; A MADDENING PLAY; A BOTCHED PLAY, IF YOU LIKE, BUT ONE THAT HAS AN UNDENIABLE DARK POWER": "SAINT'S DAY," A DRAMA BY JOHN WHITING, SHOWING THE FINAL SCENE OF THE PLAY WITH MICHAEL HORDERN (EXTREME LEFT), JOHN BYRON (CENTRE) AND ROBERT URQUHART (SECOND FROM RIGHT).

Our critic, in discussing John Whiting's drama, "Saint's Day," which has won the Arts Theatre's Festival prize of £700, says that, while it has many positive qualities, its meaning is "a mystery unsolved, but I shall remember its brooding atmosphere and the acting of Michael Hordern." By now, "Saint's Day" will have ended its short run, but Mr. Trewin speaks of it because "few plays have driven so deep a trench between critics and men of the theatre."

surprise to find all the cast alive. There had been a rattle of revolver-shots, and the stage—the action passed in Iraq—seemed to be thick with scorpions. Someone, surely, should either have been shot through the heart or bitten to death in the course of three long acts. But it was a farce: not a very good one, it is true, but still a farce confessed—"a bit of nonsense" said the author disarmingly in his curtain-speech—and there was no need for crape and the muffled drum.

It was a surprising change, for I had got into the habit of counting bodies. There had been the two deaths (mercifully, off-stage) in "Ardèle"; there had been wholesale slaughter in "The Spanish Tragedy," at Edinburgh, complete with Hieronimo's ripping of his tongue, high sport for the Elizabethan groundlings; the radio had supplied Tourneur's "The Revenger's Tragedy," with its poisoned skull, and a series of stabbings as quick as a three-quarter movement in Rugby football; John Whiting's "Saint's Day," at the Arts, had a casualty-list of four; and now, at the Vic, we are to have the Marlovian flood of "Tamburlaine." Every critic his own gravedigger.

One expects these final revels in an Elizabethan or Jacobean tragedy. "Take up the bodies!" orders Fortinbras at the end of "Hamlet," and the command reverberates through the drama of the period. I like particularly two stage directions in "The Revenger's Tragedy," which is as merry a fling as the most ghoulish spectator could wish. One direction is:

They dance; at the end they steal out their swords, and kill the four seated at the table. Thunder.

The second—and it follows hard upon—is simply this:

Enter the Masque of intended murderers: Ambizioso, Supervacuo, Spurio, and a Lord, coming in dancing. Lussurioso recovers a little in voice, grans, and calls, "A guard! Treason!" at which the Dancers start out of their measure, and, turning towards the table, find them all to be murdered.

That sort of thing was welcomed among the scarlet-and-black tapestries of Jacobean drama, especially when the dark deeds were lit by a glitter of words, and an evil Duke could catch at the imagination with such a phrase as "that ill-knotted fire, that bushing, staring star." And, earlier, we know

in what language Marlowe enfolded the work of his conquering tyrant, the Scythian Tamburlaine. When this article appears the Old Vic will be ablaze with those Marlovian iambs.

Very well; but it is disturbing (at the mildest) to find a group of bodies at the end of a modern play, and to get no plausible reason whatever for the holocaust. I think particularly of "Saint's Day," the strange piece by John Whiting which has won the Arts Theatre's Festival prize of £700, and has been attacked as sternly as any modern drama for a long time. It may bear its laurels; it has had also to bear the whips-and-scorpions of critical disdain.

By now "Saint's Day" will have ended its short run; but I speak of it because few plays have driven so deep a trench between critics and men of the theatre. One of my colleagues has called

the piece "indescribably bad." On the other hand, John Whiting's work has been praised by Peter Ustinov, Alec Clunes and Christopher Fry, the Arts judges; and by Tyrone Guthrie and Peter Brook, who have defended it in a letter to *The Times*.

The trouble, it seems to me, is Mr. Whiting's refusal to make himself clear; to say exactly what his play means. He has many positive qualities; but no one likes to wander in circles in a mist, banging against tree and hedge and stone, barking his shins and finding no relief, even though somewhere he is conscious of a light behind the mist, of a strange, unearthly glow.

The fate of "Saint's Day" is, then, a warning to practitioners in the profound-obscurer. You must clarify in the theatre, or your fate is upon you. Yet I hesitate to join in the heavier attack upon this piece. Something ought to be said of the sustained brooding atmosphere, the atmosphere of dread that holds us from the first few minutes of the play. And John Whiting begins to develop with so much sympathy and craft the figure of the old poet-and-pamphleteer in exile, that we regret the more his last lunge into something uncommonly like nonsense.

The old genius, Paul Southman, has been lost for a quarter of a century in a house somewhere in England where he is at war with the villagers.

In London the past is forgotten. The enmities that exiled Paul are over. He is a grand old man now, one to be fêted and revered. Certainly he is an old man: his grandeur is waning into senility. It is doubtful whether he can face the fires of publicity after his long absence. If Mr. Whiting had concentrated on this figure, he might have had a fine play. Michael Hordern, at the Arts, created the old man with genuine spirit and theatrical awareness. But Mr. Whiting gives, so to speak, the sort of skew-eyed gibber favoured by the late Sid Field when he drove his cue through a table. The play comes to pieces. There is an unhappy cartoon of a stammering clergyman. A young critic who has arrived to take Paul to London, accidentally kills the old man's granddaughter and then appears to go berserk with a trio of Army deserters on the run. The village is in flames. The clergyman is in his blazing church. Old Paul and (is it?) his grandson are to be hanged from trees outside the house. Reason totters on her throne. The curtain falls.

There it is. "Take up the bodies." It is a wild play; a maddening play; a botched play, if you like, but one that has an undeniable dark power. I should be surprised if we could not find better work somewhere in the long list of the rejected; but I should be surprised also if we found a play that, in performance, generated this intense brooding atmosphere, this thunder-shot suspense. The queer piece and its casualty-list linger in the mind long after they should have been forgotten. We have to mourn that Mr. Whiting did not make himself clear; that he did not provide a key to his symbols, or show why St. Paul was dragged in or why he defaced the piece with such a figure as the clergyman. The Arts cast acted bravely, Michael Hordern with something more than bravery. And now what will Mr. Whiting's next play be? Another "Penny for a Song"? Another "Saint's Day"? It will be worth hearing.



SPANISH BALLET AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: ROSARIO ESCUDERO AS "BLUE NEIGHBOUR" AND ROBERTO XIMENEZ AS THE COBBLER IN A REHEARSAL OF A BALLET, "LA ZAPATERA Y EL EMBOZADO," WHICH FEATURES IN THE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME PRESENTED BY BALLET ESPAGNOL OF PILAR LOPEZ.

I found it hard to get back from this wild landscape of the mind to the sandy tracts of farce and to the usual caperings and bumbings. Now and then the dramatist of "Ten Men and a Miss," Cyril Wentzel, had a stray flick of the right moon-madness; but not many. Remembering the glories of the old Aldwych Farce, I had to murmur to myself as the curtain fell:

Take up the bodies! Such a sight as this
Has had its day, and here shows much amiss.

So, surprisingly, we move towards "The Tragedy of Tamburlaine the Great."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

FRENCH PLAYERS (Edinburgh).—The principal novelty, by the cast of the Théâtre de l'Atelier, was Anouilh's "Le Rendez-vous de Senlis," a box of tricks unpacked with the easiest dexterity. Loleh Bellon is a fine young actress. (September 3 and 6.)

"THE SPANISH TRAGEDY" (Edinburgh University).—All the bodies in Kyd's vigorous melodrama. It was courageously staged and performed. (September 4.)

"THE KING OF SCOTS" (Dunfermline Abbey).—The career of Robert the Bruce in Robert Kemp's couplets. Sometimes impressive, sometimes not; but a magnificent setting in the Norman nave of Dunfermline. (September 4.)

IRISH PLAYERS (Edinburgh).—The enchanted cadences of "The Playboy," prefaced by Yeats's "Cathleen Ni Houlihan" and acted and spoken fluently by an Abbey cast. (September 5.)

"SAINT'S DAY" (Arts Theatre Club).—The meaning of John Whiting's drama, the first prize winner in the Arts Festival, is a mystery unsolved, but I shall remember its brooding atmosphere and the acting of Michael Hordern. (September 4.)

"TEN-FIFTEEN" (Irving Theatre Club).—Larks near Leicester Square in a brisk intimate revue for the hours before midnight. (September 5.)

"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS" (Scala).—A dramatic version of the Newman poem, spoken nobly by Robert Speaight and Marie Ney (among others), with music by Fernand Laloux. (September 10.)

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION" (Embassy).—H. M. Harwood's comedy (period 1930), about the bailiff-in-Mayfair, is now rather frayed at the edges. (September 11.)

"TEN MEN AND A MISS" (Aldwych).—Hy Hazell is the Miss, the scene is an Army camp in Iraq, and the play is a farcical scramble in and out of doors, in and out of mosquito-nets, and in and out of the usual clichés. (September 17.)



THE LIVERPOOL-EUSTON EXPRESS DISASTER OF SEPTEMBER 21 WHICH CAUSED THIRTEEN DEATHS: THE OVERTURNED ENGINE AND TEN COACHES AFTER THE DERAILMENT NEAR NETHER HEYFORD, WEEDON, TWELVE MILES SOUTH OF RUGBY.

A serious railway disaster occurred on September 21 when the Liverpool-Euston 8.20 a.m. express, travelling at some 60 m.p.h., left the rails and plunged over a 20-ft. embankment near Nether Heyford, Weedon, twelve miles south of Rugby. The accident took place after 11 a.m., just as the train, which was carrying 700 passengers, had come out of Stowe Hill Tunnel. It is stated that the derailment appears to have begun 600 yards north of the 500-yard-long tunnel. Ten of the fifteen coaches left the rails with the engine (bottom, right). The leading one was telescoped, the second fell down with the locomotive, and the third was cut

in two. The Glasgow-bound *Royal Scot* was stopped by the signalman two minutes before it would have reached the wreckage. Eight passengers were killed outright, five died subsequently, and twenty-four were detained in hospital. On September 24, one of these was reported seriously ill. Rescue work continued all day. Railwaymen lifted the damaged coaches with cranes; firemen, ambulance men and police came from a wide area, and men from the R.A.O.C. camp at Weedon were also summoned. The driver was pinned under coal from the tender for an hour and a half, but the fireman was thrown clear and uninjured.



(ABOVE.) ON THEIR WAY TO REVIEW TROOPS TAKING PART IN "OPERATION COUNTER-THRUST" GEN. SIR JOHN HARDING, C-IN-C. B.A.O.R., WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER.

ON September 16 troops of the British Army of the Rhine with units from six nations began large-scale manoeuvres in Hanover, known as "Operation Counter-thrust." For the exercise "Redland" was an aggressive State lying north of a line through Bremen and Hamburg, while "Blueland," to the south, was represented as having tried to avert war and to have avoided what might be regarded as provocative action near the frontier during the progress of negotiations. "Redland," consisting of a British Infantry Division with contingents from the United States, French and Danish armies and supported by a Tactical Group of the R.A.F., invaded "Blueland" in the early hours of the

(Continued on opposite page)

(RIGHT.) MAKING USE OF ALL AVAILABLE COVER: A BELGIAN UNIT DEPLOYING BEFORE LAUNCHING A COUNTER-ATTACK ON ADVANCING "REDLAND" FORCES AT NEINBURG.



"OPERATION COUNTER-THRUST": ASPECTS OF THE B.A.O.R. MANOEUVRES, IN WHICH GROUND AND AIR FORCES OF SEVEN NATIONS TOOK PART.



VISITING TROOPS IN THE FIELD DURING THE B.A.O.R. MANOEUVRES: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (LEFT) WITH OFFICERS OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.



ENGAGING "REDLAND" TROOPS FROM THE SHELTER OF A WOOD: CAMOUFLAGED CENTURION TANKS TAKING PART IN THE RECENTLY CONCLUDED B.A.O.R. AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.



MANNING A LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AT A ROAD INTERSECTION, DURING THE MANOEUVRES: FRENCH TROOPS WITH THE "REDLAND" FORCES.



AN UNLEARNED LESSON OF THE LAST WAR: DANISH TROOPS "BLOCKING" A ROAD WITH AN ANTI-TANK GUN AGAINST THE "BLUELAND" FORCES.



(ABOVE.) BRITISH TANKS IN A GERMAN TOWN: UNITS OF THE 7TH ARMoured DIVISION AWAITING ATTACK BY THE INVADING "REDLAND" FORCES DURING THE RECENT B.A.O.R. MANOEUVRES.



(Continued.) opening day of the exercises. They were opposed by the British 1 Corps, which includes the 7th and 11th Armoured Divisions, and contingents from the Netherlands, Belgian and Norwegian Armies, together with various Army and Corps troops supported by the R.A.F. On September 17 Field Marshal Lord Montgomery and General Eisenhower arrived in the area to visit the manoeuvres, and on September 21 Mr. Strachey, the Secretary of State for War, arrived to see the conclusion of the exercise, when "Blueland," having fought a defensive battle, turned on "Redland" forces, in order to give both sides experience in the attack. Field Marshal Sir William Slim, C.I.G.S., is quoted as saying at Hanover on September 23: "We are something like an army now."

(LEFT) WATCHED BY INTERESTED GERMAN YOUTHS: A 17-PDR. ANTI-TANK GUN DETACHMENT OF THE 7TH ARMoured DIVISION PREPARING FOR ACTION AGAINST "REDLAND" UNITS.



WITH OFFICERS OF SOME OF THE SEVEN NATIONS TAKING PART IN "OPERATION COUNTER-THRUST": WING COMMANDER J. JOHNSON STUDYING MAPS AT FASSBERG AERODROME.



TALKING TO HIS COMMANDERS BY RADIO: COLONEL J. VAN GRIETHUYZEN, OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHOSE TROOPS WERE WITH "BLUELAND" FORCES.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is quite right that we should have a uniform edition of that living classic, Madame Colette. Moreover, it is something to look forward to. Yet Mr. Raymond Mortimer, in his attractive little preface to the first volume, "Chéri" and "The Last of Chéri" (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), seems on the verge of treating it as a forlorn hope. For, as he says, a number of Colette's books have already appeared in English, and have made no great stir, although in France she is "accepted as a national glory." Must we conclude that she will never take over here?—that she is to be classed with writers "like Miss Austen and Maurice Barrès," who are unexportable?

And yet he can't see why. If François Mauriac will travel, why not Colette? But that, I fear, is the wrong question. In point of fact, few novelists in any country have been found exportable, and those few are not commonly the best. So far, Colette is one of a distinguished throng, but she at least has a start. At least her name has travelled, and secured a footing—which is, I think, a far more hopeful circumstance for the new venture than improved translation can be. Granted translation is a headache, from the French especially, and I dare say (as Mr. Mortimer assures us) from Colette superlatively. But it is not so crucial as one might think.

Indeed, these two companion stories have seeped through already; Chéri, the "oriental prince," is a familiar figure, though perhaps in a vague way. He has been reared in a society of *grandes cocottes*, in pampered idleness and worship of his own beauty. When he is very young and rapidly destroying himself, his mother's friend and rival, the good-natured Léa, takes him in hand. Chéri, though no more grateful than a cat, adopts her as the fount of wellbeing and remains with her for six years. Then he is married off, quite willingly on his part and with no objection from his kind keeper. She grapples with her loss in private, and has begun to master it, when Chéri comes running back. It was too late to turn the petted odalisque into the husband of a young girl, too late to snatch him from "Nounoune" . . . Yet now he sees that she is too old for him. And Léa, reasonable to the point of heroism, gives him up finally.

"The Last of Chéri," which appeared in 1926, reveals this as a false end. Chéri has gone quite comfortably through the war, protected by his catlike indolence and self-absorption. But now he wakes out of the trance a man of thirty—which is not possible. The new world of activity and grabbing leaves him stone cold. Léa, his refuge, has become a fat old woman. Robbed of the past, scorning the present with an animal integrity, he has only to think and die.

It is both a profoundly touching and a jewelled story. And this new rendering by Roger Senhouse is extremely good. But as I can't agree with Mr. Mortimer that bad translation has been the crux, I don't expect a triumph in the sense he means. The other factors will persist.

"Moulin Rouge," by Pierre La Mure (Collins; 12s. 6d.), offers a fictional biography of Toulouse-Lautrec, in gorgeous Technicolor, and with no language trouble. Or, at least, not with the same one. The author, living in America, has learnt to write his own English, and does so with amazing fluency. Unfortunately he has either picked it up right and left or chosen it for business ends, and I suspect the latter. For the book itself is so luscious.

Toulouse-Lautrec was the last scion of an ancient house. He was a genius, and a crippled dwarf. So he renounced his class, fled to the cabarets and brothels of Montmartre, and made himself a short, frenetic career of art and absinthe. This kind of subject has a flaw in grain; it is the art that counts, and yet it can't be brought within the story—it provides no action. Here the main dishes are debauchery and hopeless yearnings for love, garnished with celebrated names. Lautrec knew everyone, and nobody is left out; or, to express it kindly, *Moulin Rouge* becomes a portrait of the whole epoch.

"A Game for Empires," by Pearl Frye (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is also fictional biography, and from America, but what a contrast! It has an infinitely better subject, to begin with. For the hero is Nelson, and so the hero's genius is the story itself. And then, the presentation is entirely serious. It is the outcome of long research; it has a bibliography; whenever possible, it uses Nelson's own words. On top of that, it is alive and warm, and often breathlessly exciting. I should hardly say with the publishers that it is "about the most dramatic period of Nelson's career." It opens with the start of the French war, and closes with the Battle of the Nile: years, on the whole, of thwarted effort and subordinate command, and wan domestic virtue. The reign of Lady Hamilton is yet to come; here she is only seen and promised. Indeed, it is the special merit of this volume to have done so much with what is least dramatic in the theme. As for the human interest, to say it gives us the real Nelson is to say enough. And the concluding episode—the storm, the disappearance of the French, the blind pursuit, the crowning triumph of Aboukir—is both historically solid and exciting almost to agony.

"Lilies in Her Garden Grew," by Stephen Ransome (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is perhaps a trifle misnamed, but certainly its garden has the leading rôle. It is the little private courtyard of the Elwyns' house in New York—like all its kind, securely tucked away from the street, yet overlooked by countless windows and potential thousands of eyes. In this unlikely spot some of the Elwyns have precariously cached a dead secret. And then young Liza is so terrified by prowlers—prowling she knows not why—as to imperil the cache by going to a detective. She enlists Schyler Cole, and sets him working in the dark; and he is spellbound by her pale hair. But his assistant, Luke, the brains of the concern, is wide awake and uncompromising.

This is a very fast, sophisticated thriller, super-entangled, with everybody holding out on everyone else. In fact, by dint of ingenuity it turns completely unnatural. But if the author could subdue his cleverness he would be in the top flight.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FEW chess players fail to develop, under the stress of competitive play, some idiosyncrasy which may remain quite unnoticed by themselves, though arousing subdued amusement among friends.

The most amusing of all are to be found among the brilliant, attacking players who gain their successes by combinate play and are always straining to wrest a little extra out of the position before them. "Positional" experts play, more "within themselves," not seeking for more than the position justifiably offers; and consequently have a less nerve-testing time. Brilliance makes demands on the nerves which may be revealed in many an unintended way.

Flohr, Capablanca and, among our British players, Sir George Thomas and Golombek, have (or had) sound, quiet, peaceful styles. They draw many games. They rarely show nervous tension—or need to. The back of Sir George's neck suffices deep red just occasionally—that is the only way I have ever been able to tell that I had him worried.

The great Alekhine, who himself confessed that he was more interested in exceptions than rules, who would always try any bizarre move once, even in a World Championship match, was, by contrast, a rewarding study. His every movement was infused with a sort of suppressed volcanic energy. He would chain-smoke through a five-hour session, plucking his cigarette from his lips with almost explosive violence. Having made his move, he would snatch ("take" is an inadequate word) a cup of coffee, drain it at a gulp, leap to his feet, stride to and fro like a caged lion, occasionally (more like a panther now) steal up and peep over his opponent's shoulder from behind to see how the position looked the other way round.

William Winter, the late Sir James Barrie's nephew, British Champion in 1935 and 1936, is another chain-smoker. Burying his head deep in his hands, one of which holds a lighted cigarette, he is wont to produce the illusion of generating smoke from his ear.

The Mexican, A. G. Conde, like many Spanish players nowadays, had a habit of writing down his move in pencil long before making it. In one game at Margate before the war, he presented me with quite a lot of time like this, for I could begin to work out my reply before he actually moved. Suddenly he wrote down a weak move which, I could see at once, would lose. Suppressing my excitement, I waited for him to confirm his blunder on the board. Minutes passed. The suspense became almost unbearable. At last . . . he solemnly felt in his pocket, pulled out a rubber, erased his move, wrote down a new move (a crusher this time!), made it, and pressed his clock-button. The shock affected me for the rest of the game.

Our most erratic player, Gerald Abrahams, the Liverpool barrister, is one of our most picturesque. He arrives fortified by ten or more oranges and several big cigars, and is liable at any time whilst cogitating his move, to start swaying rhythmically to and fro like a yacht in a heavy sea. At critical moments he seems to derive great assistance from the simple act of gently scratching the end of his nose. Alexander has a similar sway, though in slightly slower tempo, but his friend Milner-Barry sits immobile in spotless shirt and braces with tall shoulders hunched, brooding over the board like a menacing falcon hawk and giving vent at long intervals to a throaty "H'm."

The British Universities champion, D. V. Mardle, and the Paris expert, N. Rossolimo, find it helps to quiver like an aspen. W. A. Fairhurst, many times Scottish champion, with great delicacy strokes one particular area, about one inch square, at the back of his head.

In fact, come to think of it, every one of them seems to have some damfool mannerism, except me!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE PEACEMAKER.

BEFORE the statesmen assembled to draft the Versailles Peace Treaty—"the peace which passeth all understanding"—Professor C. K. Webster (as he then was) was asked by the Foreign Office to produce a short handbook on the previous great European settlement, after the Napoleonic Wars. It was for the guidance of the British delegation—and particularly for the Prime Minister. For, great man though he was, Mr. Lloyd George knew nothing of history and nothing of Europe. There is reason to believe that he never read this brilliant little condensation. The Versailles settlement lasted an uneasy fifteen years in its main outlines, and barely at all in its details. By comparison, the settlement made by the peacemakers of the Congress of Vienna lasted in its details till 1848, and there was to be no European-wide conflict until 1914. That this was so was due almost entirely to the work of one man—a man with a beautiful, aristocratic face (as many other portraits beside the famous one by Lawrence in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor testify), but one who appeared cold and aloof to his contemporaries and has therefore never received that full recognition which was his due. That man was Castlereagh, undoubtedly the greatest Foreign Secretary this country has ever had. Unfortunately for him, as Ione Leigh points out in "Castlereagh" (Collins; 21s.) "he had the Irish against him, and they make passionate enemies. He had the Whigs against him, and they wrote the histories. He had the poets against him, and their inflamed imaginations were responsible for all the cant phrases remembered by those who never stopped to examine their truth." Long before I knew anything other than the bare outlines of Castlereagh's career I knew by heart Shelley's famous and savage quatrain:

I met Murder on the way,
He had a mask like Castlereagh,
Very smooth he looked yet grim,
Seven bloodhounds followed him.

Few Irishmen, of whatever party, can forgive or forget the Union for which Castlereagh took full responsibility, and for which his memory is still execrated in Ireland. Yet his motives—as opposed to his methods—were lofty ones, and it was no fault of his that the objects of the Union were never achieved and that Catholic emancipation, which in Castlereagh's mind was an indispensable adjunct to it, should have been blocked by the good, but mad and obstinate, George III. In the foreign field, however, it is astonishing that obvious justice has not been done him. He was the grand architect of the last great coalition which brought Napoleon down. He was the discoverer of Wellington and the unwavering supporter of the Peninsular War, without which Napoleon could never have been defeated. He towered supreme over his contemporaries at Vienna—and what contemporaries they were! Metternich, the wildest statesman of his age; Talleyrand, who passed smoothly from the side of Napoleon to that of Louis XVIII. and back and forth again in the space of a few months (to the great benefit of France); the Tsar Alexander, unpredictable, impossible, but backed by immense force; Humboldt and his intolerable Prussians, all in turn acknowledged him their master. He never lost sight of the long-term principles for which he was working. He never lost his head. He did not hesitate—with exact instructions to the contrary in his pocket—to conclude a defensive alliance with Austria and France which could have led to war with Russia and Prussia, in order to bring the Russians to heel. For, as he remarked (and would that we had had a Castlereagh at Potsdam in 1945), "the Russians are trying to lay down the law. . . . England will not take it from anyone." A first-class biography of a very great man.

Not the least of Castlereagh's worries (for he was virtual Prime Minister both under Perceval and Liverpool) were the matrimonial affairs of the Prince Regent and the future of his daughter, Princess Charlotte. In "Daughter of England" (Macmillan; 21s.) Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart produces a new portrait of the Princess, who must have been as high-spirited and amusing a person as her death was tragic. The Whigs for so long used her as a pawn in their political game that it has been difficult to arrive at an objective picture of her. With her abominable mother and her impossible father at loggerheads, the Princess was fair game for the political activities of Brougham. But she seems to have had a very definite mind of her own. Miss Stuart garnishes her text with many of the amusing political lampoons of an age which excelled in them and the whole book provides a well-written and well-documented sidelight on the history of the time. One of the fascinating "ifs" of history is "What would have happened if Princess Charlotte had not died in child-birth and had therefore become Queen of England instead of Queen Victoria." It was perhaps fortunate that Regency medical science was as inefficient as it proved in the Princess's case.

Of the great painters who were born in the eighteenth century but came to maturity in the Regency, Turner must remain *primus inter pares*. He was not a very agreeable character, but as a painter even in his own age he was outstanding, and lived on to form a revolutionary link with the great French Impressionists. A notable addition to the British Painters Series is "J. W. M. Turner," by Charles Clare (Phoenix House; 18s.). This beautifully produced book by the Registrar of the Courtauld Institute will be welcomed by all students of the history of art.

The same applies to two additions to the Gallery-Book Series, published at 4s. 6d. by Percy Lund Humphries. One is an analysis of Poussin's "The Golden Calf," with an introduction by Anthony Blunt; and the other is Jacopo Tintoretto's "The Four Allegories of Venice." In each case they are a close study of the pictures concerned, illustrated with many reproductions of the detail of the pictures.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

ITEMS FROM ABROAD: A RECORD OF NEWS EVENTS FROM BEYOND OUR SHORES.



(ABOVE.) RECENTLY DEDICATED: THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF ADMIRAL CARNEY'S SOUTHERN EUROPEAN COMMAND IN NAPLES, SHOWING THE UNFURLED FLAGS OF THE TWELVE NATIONS OF THE N.A.T.O.

Religious and civil ceremonies marked the opening of the new headquarters of Admiral Robert Carney, U.S.N. Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces Southern Europe, in Naples on September 15. During the ceremonies, the flags of the twelve nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation were unfurled. The Italian Government was represented by the deputy Prime Minister.



GREETED BY CROWDS ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS EVENTFUL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: MR. YOSHIDA, THE JAPANESE PREMIER (RAISING HAT). When Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Premier, returned to Tokio from the United States, enthusiastic crowds greeted him at the airport. After signing the Japanese Peace Treaty on September 9, Mr. Yoshida also signed a security pact with the United States in San Francisco.

(RIGHT.) MOUNTED ON ITS MOBILE RAMP PRIOR TO BEING LAUNCHED UNDER ROCKET POWER: THE U.S. MARTIN *Matador* PILOTLESS BOMBER.

In our issue of September 22, we showed two other photographs of the Glenn Martin Company's B61 *Matador* pilotless bomber, which is at present under advanced development at the missile test centre, Cocoa, Florida. The U.S.A.F. is forming its first guided-missile squadron, which will be equipped with *Matadors*. The first launchings took place on June 20 this year.



OPENED BY THE PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE FIRST "ONE MAKE" EXHIBITION IN CANADA OF BRITISH MOTOR-CARS; ALL THE VEHICLES SHOWN BEING AUSTINS. Our photograph shows the Armoury at Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, where the first "one make" exhibition in Canada of British motor-cars was recently organised by the Austin Motor Company of England. The exhibition was opened by the Hon. Byron Johnson, the Premier of British Columbia, and was attended by thousands of Canadian visitors.



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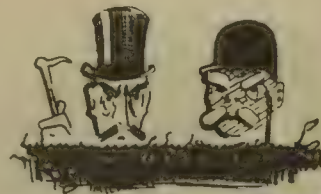
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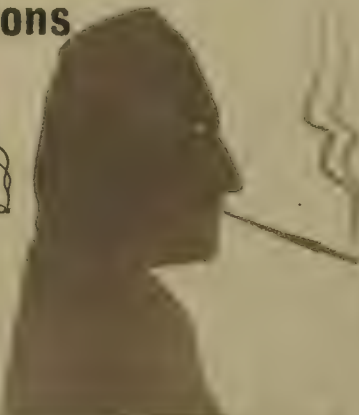
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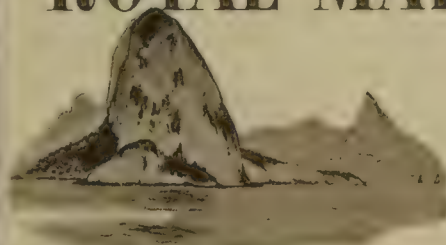
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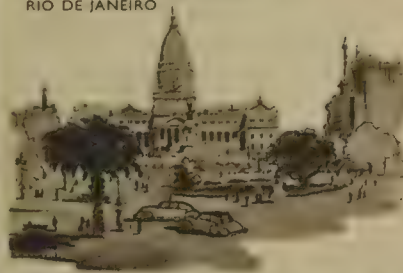
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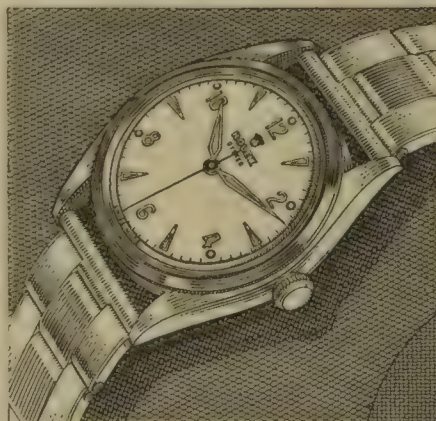
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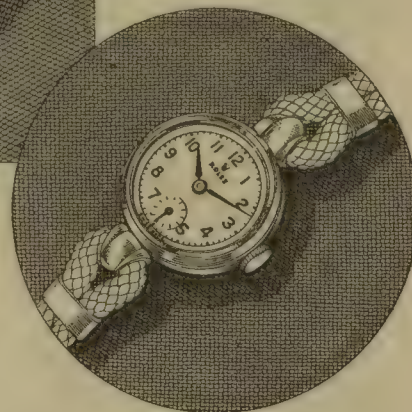
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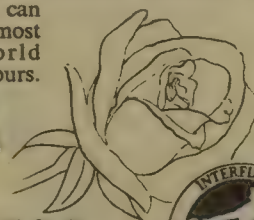
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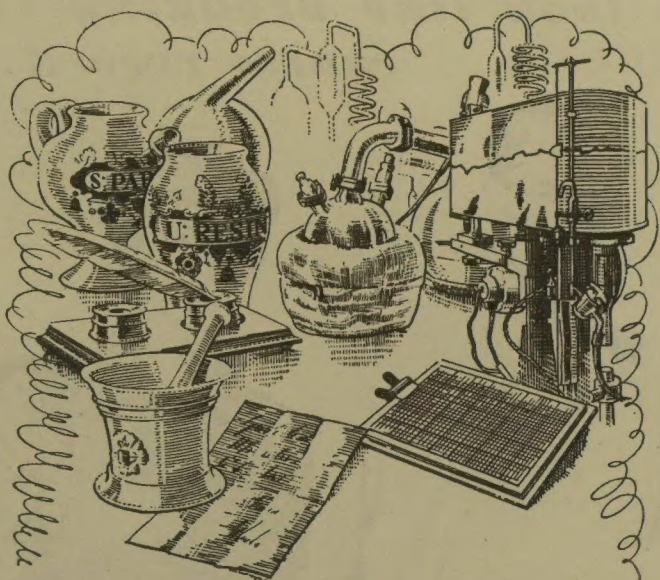


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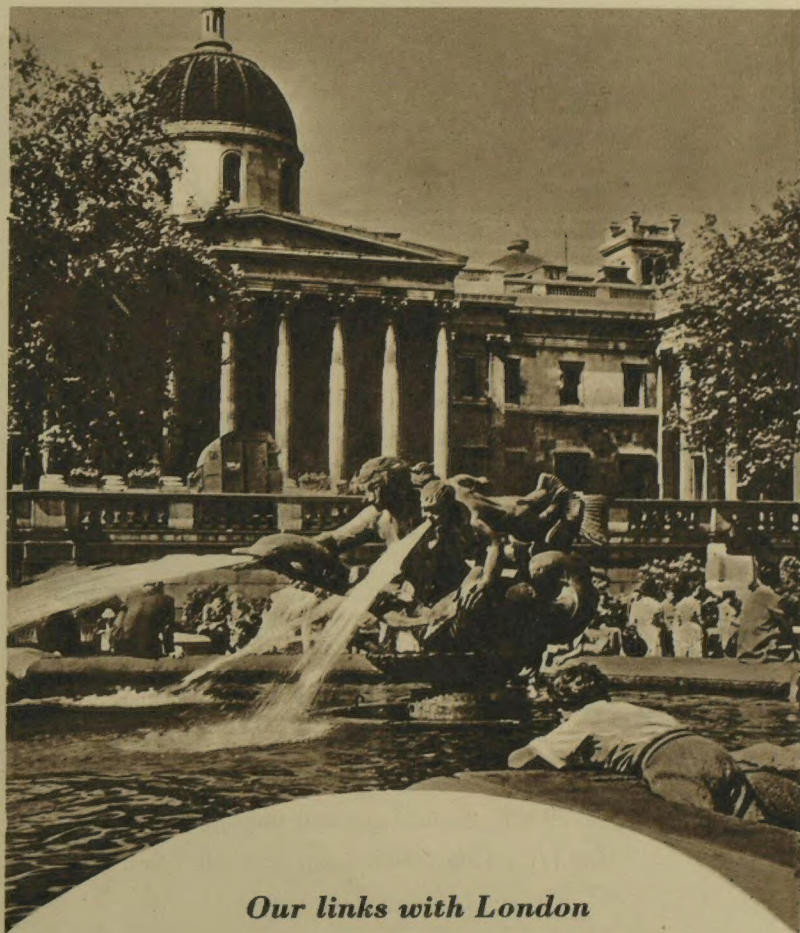
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WHITBREAD'S ENGLAND



THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS. Between the outbreak of the French Revolution and the Battle of Trafalgar the old order was breaking up and a new one emerging. Aristocracies were shaken and kings driven out, everywhere but in England, which remained unperturbed by military reverse and social upheaval. Fashion, however, bore the imprint of change; the three-cornered hat had given place to the "bicorne" and to the ancestor of the top hat. This curious creation was a primitive crash helmet invented by the English country gentleman whose main pursuit was riding to hounds. A new simplicity was appearing in men's clothes in contrast to the embroidered coat and elaborate lace of the French courtier of the period.

Women's clothes had not yet undergone the modification which was to produce the Empire gown. Military uniforms, however, like that of the officer in the East India Company Volunteers, were beginning to look "Napoleonic". The phaeton, swift vehicle of the age, stands in the background.

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